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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

VON BOYLE'S

Recherche Recitations

Yours in all Good Humor

Von Boyle

DE WITT. PUBLISHER. NEW YORK.

THE

ENTERTAINMENTS

Given By

Mr. ACLAND BOYLE,

The Celebrated

Humorist and Elocutionist,

Popularly known as

"VON BOYLE,"

—ARE—

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NEW YORK CITY.

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"He makes people laugh until they cry, without offending good taste."
—*Rev. A. S Walsh, D. D.*

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—*Rev. D. B. Jutton, D. D.*

Address ***S. D. RIDDLE, Agent,***
23 Murray St., New York.

5 1895

VON BOYLE'S

RECHERCHÉ RECITATIONS.

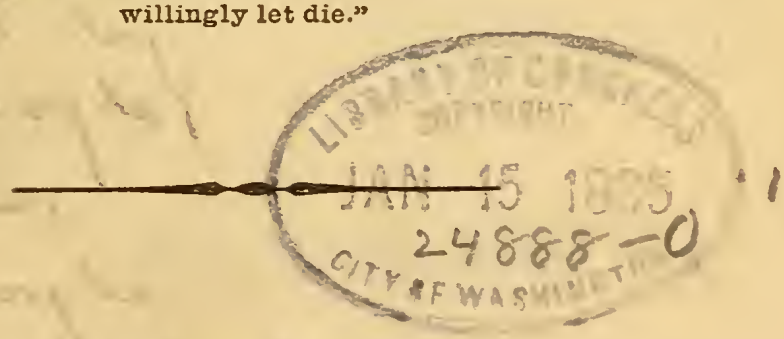
A CAREFUL COMPILATION OF

Pieces for the Parlor and the Platform.

"From grave to gay; from lively to severe."

37
Boyle, Acland

A number of these pieces are entirely new candidates for public favor,—written especially for this book; others make their first appearance as adaptions; some are gleanings from the latest magazines and other literary fields; the rest are standard selections which "the world will not willingly let die."



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TO THE PUBLIC.

In Von Boyle's Recherché Recitations will be found many pieces which *cannot be found elsewhere.* The genial "Von" has written several expressly for this book; and it also contains many *adaptations* from this famous humorist's repertoire, which now make their first appearance in print. The remainder of the pieces, old and new, are carefully selected with reference to variety, good taste, and availability.

DE WITT,
Publisher.

New York, *October*, 1883.

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VON BOYLE'S

RECHERCHÉ RECITATIONS.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

ANONYMOUS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream,
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried;
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm;
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb."

"And shall I fear to own His cause"—
The very stream was stilled;
And hearts that never throbbed with fear,
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song, the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head;
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call;
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah, wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah, the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

POINTER'S ELECTRIC CAT.

VON BOYLE.

[Written for this book.]

Vell, Pointer, he vas a pooty nice feller, but you couldn't pelief a vord he say. Dot's his peesness, you know—assurance peesness. He assures most eferypody; he's got de most assurance in Harlem.

He uses all kinds of shtories und nannectotes in his peesness. Ven he gits a new vone he comes arount und bractices on me mit it; und if it fits all right, he rooshes oud und gatches a gustomer, und assures him—his money or his life.

Von tay he comes gwick my pootcher shtore in, und say:

"Bender, vot you tink apout cats?"

Now dot's a nice gwestion to ask a pootcher shtore, oxbecially ven he vas full—blendy gustomers all arount!

"Vell," says I, "cats is pooty goot, if you got rats pooty bad. But I got not time to tink apout cats or rats chust now, already."

"I can vait a leetle," says Pointer; "I vould like und got *your* itea apout cats, too. *I* tink it vas a fery useful insect. You know a cat safed vonce my life. I blowed up a powter-makazine mit dot cat, I tid. It vas in de var times, und I am in de army. Dere vas a Repel powter-makazine dot had to pe blowed up a leetle; und ve drawed shtraws to see vich feller must do dot. De vone vot got de most shtraw he had to blow. Vell, I got de shtraw. Oh, I felt awful seasick! It's de last shtraw dot breaks

de gamel's pack, you know, und dot shtraw broke mine heart, pecause shtraws show vich vay de vinds blow, und I had to blow mineself dot makazine mit dot shtraw up. Vell, I got insite of de enemy's lines, und I am valking along dot time, tinking apout de old folks at home, vot I vould never saw again, my brudder und my sister und my vife und my mutter-in-law und de peoples vot I owed money; vhen suttenly I saw, kleaming in de kloaming, de dwo eyes of a plack cat—a Repel kitten-cat; und I gried, safed! safed! You know, Bender, if you rup up a plack cat's pack down de wrong vay agross de fur arount, it makes de sbarks fly; pecause a plack cat vas scientific, you know; und I sdudies all apout electrics in my gehography pook at school. Vell, to make a short shtory long, I got bast de bickets O. K., und I gets to de makazine, und py goot luck, somepody hat left de toor locked open. Now, you know, if you rup a cat's pack, dot cat vill rup you pack again mit her pack. So I rupped her pack—on de outsite—und den I puts her on de insite of dot makazine, shut gwick de toor, und roon so vast avay vot I can. Vell, I subbose dot cat vent rupping arount against dem powder-parrels dill she shtruck a light—elecdrick light, you know—und ven I am a guarter miles avay, she blowed up dot makazine down shky-high; und shpoiled all dem Repels—killed dem in a tousand bieces. I vent pack und gaptured de fort, und de next day I vas bromoted *gorporal;* I vas only a sergeant pefore dot cat, you know. Vell, I must say I felt sorry for dot boor leetle kitten; und I'll told you vhy, In dot same gampaign ve shtruck

more as dwendy more makazines, but I couldn't found a kitten-cat for loaf or money anyvhere. Bender, do you know if only I had apout eight or six fresh plack cats dot time, *I vould haf peen a brigadier-colonel pefore de var vas over, sure!*"

Vell, dot vas Pointer's shtory. Ven he gits done I told him:

"Mr. Pointer, you saidt you vanted to know vot I tink apout cats. Vell, I nefer like to hurt de feelings of a assurance achents, but I chust ask vone gwestion, Vas dot cat insured? If not, all I've got to say vas dis: If *I* vas in a peesness vhere you haf to dell such shtories like dot, I vould got a can of dynamite und rup my pack up against it undil someting exploded for de penefit of de puplick!"

Und Pointer he valked off.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

ANONYMOUS.

[A rich man who had no children proposed to his neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John, John looked at me
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my hair were jet),
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening, bent my head—
This is his letter:

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of twilight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair;
I saw on James's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. E'er John could speak
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a willful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no!
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away.
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,

Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!

ADDRESS BY ORATOR CLIMAX.

ANONYMOUS.

Mr. President and Members of the Klopstock Lyceum: Happiness is like a crow perched upon the neighboring tip of a far distant mounting, which an eager fisherman vainly strives, to no purpose, to ensnare. He looks at the crow, Mr. President, and, Mr. President, the crow looks at him, and, sir, they both look at each other. But the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, the cause of which it was the astonishing and perspiring genius of a Newton who first deplored and enveloped. Cannot the poor man, sir, precipitate into all the beauties of Nature, from the loftiest mounting up to the humblest valley, as well as the man prepossessed of indigence? Yes, sir; while trilling transports crown his view, and rosy hours allure his sanguinary youth, he can raise his mind up to the laws of Nature, incompressible as they are, while viewing the lawless storm that kindleth up the tremenjous rainy thunder, and fireth up the dark but rapid lightning, and causeth it to fly through the intensity of space, that belches forth those awful and sublime meteors through the unfathomable regions of fiery hemispheres. Sometimes, sir, seated in some lovely

retreat, beneath the shadowy shade of an umbrageous tree, at whose vernal foot flows some limping, stagnant stream, he gathers round him his wife and the rest of his orphan children. He then endeavors to distil into their minds useless lessons, and guard their juvenile youths against vice and immortality. Then, in a clear, sunny evening, when the silvery moon is shining forth in all her indulgence and ubiquity, he teaches them the first sediments of gastronomy, and by pointing out to them the bear, the liar, and many other fixed invisible consternations which are continually involving in their axle-trees through the blue cerulean firmament above. From this vast ethereal he dives with them to the very bottom of the unfathomable oceans, bringing up from thence liquid treasures of earth and air. He then courses with them on the imaginable wing of fancy, through the boundless regions of unimaginable ether, until, swelling into impapable immensity, he is forever lost in the infinite radiations of his own annihilating genius.

A HEAP O' DIFFERENCE.

ADAPTED BY VON BOYLE.

The principal tonsorial artist in our vicinity is a colored brother, rejoicing in the high sounding appellation of Prof. Washington Madison Jefferson Smith.

He evidently belongs to a *titled* family; for his brother next door displays a coat-of-arms over his window with this motto:

"Dr. Wm. Henry Smith, M. D., Perfessor ob de

art ob whitewashin'—in all colors. Also de boss carpet-shaker ob Harlem."

Prof. Smith's popularity, however, is perhaps as much due to his conversational powers as to the artistic manner in which he handles his trusty blade.

As I seated myself in his comfortable chair, preparatory to a delightful shave, I gave him an opportunity to display his eloquence, by remarking:

"Professor, I suppose you must very frequently think of the difference between the present times and the times before the war, don't you?"

"Yas, sar. Yas, indeed! Does you want a close shave?—yas, sar. All right, sar. Befo' de wah I use to was a slave. Niggers in dose times used to be wuff $500 a piece; but now, niggers ain't wuff a cent!"

"Professor, I have often wondered why you call your people 'niggers.'"

"Well, I kind o' likes de name, des as de Southern people dey does like to be called 'Johnny Rebs,' an' de Northern people dey does like to be called 'Yankees.' When Milton done writ dat book, dey dey calls Buncomb's Pilgrims Lost, he says, 'A rose by any oder name would smell as sweet.' I spec' hits de same wid *neg-rose* as any oder rose. Hit doan't mak' no diff'rence whether you calls dem 'niggers,' 'negroes,' 'cullud-pussons' or 'American citizens of African 'scent'—de scent is dar all de same. Hit's mo' important what a man *is*, dan hit is what you calls him. And dar's a heap o' diff'rence 'bout dat. But long as a man keeps his razors sharp,

and uses de bes' shavin' soap, and de bes' pomade, he's 'title' to de 'spect ob de whole community, white an' black. But, as I was sayin', dere's a heap o' diff'rence in de 'stravagant ideas dat people has now-a-days, dat dey didn't had befo' de wah. 'Specially de cullud people. Now some time ago I called on a cullud young lady dat I's been payin' my retentions to—"

"Why, you don't mean to say, Professor, that you intend to marry again?"

"Yes, indeedee! I's got to. I done been a widower seven years now, and my chilens growing up 'thout any mother to look af' dem. I's got to marry for de chilen's sake. Well, I wanted to take dis young lady 'round to a cake-walk. De cullud people, you know, gets togedder an' dey walks 'round a table, an' de one dat walks de tallest gets de cake. Dat's de 'rigen ob de 'spression—'She takes de cake!' So I done writ her a billet-doux—lavender-tinted paper and violent ink. It was performed beautiful—smelled des like fresh pomade. I say:

"'Professor Washington Madison Jefferson Smith 'sires de felicity ob de companionship ob Miss Magnolia Simpson—(dat's her name)—to de freshtivities at de cake-walk fo' de benefit ob Zion A. M. E. Church—(dat's African Mefodis 'Piscopal, you know)—on de 16th instant ob de present month. Please be in readiness at 7:30 sharp, P. M., in de evening.'

"'Yours to command.'"

"'PERFESSOR SMITH.'

"I got most ob dat letter outen one ob dese letter-writers; de rest I got outen my own head. Den I sent

dat 'round by one ob dese 'Merican Deestric' messengers. When de evenin' come I was dar on time. De young lady's mother showed me into de parlor an' lef' me dar. In about an hour Miss Simpson sailed in, fixing on her 17-button kids. She didn't pay no retentions to me; but she jes' glode straight over to de winder and look out, den she glid straight over to me, an' she says:

"'Whar's de transpo'tation?'"

"'De transpo-what-shion?' says I.

"'De conveyance—de kerridge—de hack!'

"'I ain't no hack-driver,' says I.

"'Well, how you 'spec' I gwine to git dar 'thout some kind ob weehicle?'

"'A weehicle,' says I; 'well, look hyar, now, ef I had knowed you 'sired a weehicle, I would have 'gaged a fust-class omilybus, or a couple ob deserved seats in a hoss-car. Dar's one ob my friends drives a Black Maria, an' anoder's got a brand new coal-cart, dat I could have got, des as well as not. Maybe I could borrow dat wheelbarrer next do', an' I mout tote you 'round in dat!'

"'Now I want you to squit your foolishness, an' tell me how I's gwine to git dar,' says she.

"'I 'spec' you's gwine to hoof it,' says I.

"'I don't know what you means by dat,' says she.

"'Well, ef my language is two copious for your diminutive comprehension, I 'spec' I'll have ter transmogrify it. I 'spected dat you would h'ist your little hoofs, skip de gutter, an' prominade over de payment till you 'rove at de freshtivities. I 'spected, ef you rid dar at all, you'd go on Shank's hosses.'

"'Perfessor Smith,' says she, 'I don't 'low no sech language in my presence. I was riz an' brung up among de highes' social circles ob dis city. I belongs to de colored *élite* ob New York; an' I ain't use to no sech talk as dat; an' ef you don't 'mejitly 'pologize, your room is mo' 'sirable dan you company.'"

"Well, I did not want to raise no scandal in de church, so I 'pologized. Den I rushed out an' got a hack wid a red-headed hack-driver, an' we driv' 'round dar in style! Um! you ought to seen us! Now dat gal was too delicate to trot aroun' to dat church—only a few blocks—but when she got 'cited, lookin' at de race, um! um! she th'owed her bonnet off, hove her shawl on de seat, an' *waded in.* An' she walked aroun' dat table till *she took de cake.*"

"And then, Professor, you took her, cake and all—took her for better or worse, eh?"

"Dat's zackly what I did—not. I took and shook her."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, hit seemed to me dat 'stid ob 'vestin' in silks and satins and 17-button kids, it would be better fo' me to get a piece ob plain calico dat would look well, wear well an' wash well. Dat would be des as well in de long run for me, an' a good deal better for my little pickanninies. You see I owns dis hyar house; I's done got a little money in de bank, an' my chilens getting a good eddycation. Ef I was to marry a *sensible* equinoxial sort of wife, in ten years I'd own anoder house; I'd have money in anoder bank; my daughters would be well married,

an' my boys in some 'spectable bizness. Now, ef I married dat 17-button Simpson's gal, wouldn't I cut a dash? *But,* in less dan a year, I wouldn't have a cent in bank; dar would be mortgages all over dis house; I'd be workin' for some udder nigger, an' my chilen would be runnin' 'round de streets in rags. So I 'cluded dat I would let Miss Simpson *slide,* an' so I's done took an' shook her. *Next!"*

And here I resigned my seat to my successor.

THE RIVER.

GEO. W. BUNGAY.

Clear and cool! clear and cool!
By laughing shadows and dreaming pool.
Cool and clear! cool and clear!
By shining shingle and foaming weir.
Under the crag where the ouzel sings;
And the ivied wall where the church bell-rings.
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me! bathe in me! mother and child.

Dank and foul! dank and foul!
By the smoke-grimed town, in its murky cowl.
Foul and dank! foul and dank!
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank.
Darker and darker, the further I go;
Baser and baser, the richer I grow.
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me! turn from me! mother and child.

Strong and free ! strong and free !
The flood-gates are open—away to the sea !
Free and strong ! free and strong !
Cleansing my stream as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar.
And I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and been pardoned again.
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me ! bathe in me ! mother and child.

HOW THE SUNLIGHT CAME.

M. QUAD.

The sunlight sometimes came into the room, for the sunlight was made for the poor as well as the rich, and it will pour into crazy shutters and over the bare floors just as cheerily as it filters through lace curtains and breaks into golden fragments over velvet carpets. And God's free air came to the desolate room as well, though when it had crossed the decaying roofs and lingered for a moment on the weather-beaten sills, it was no longer pure.

Do you know what poverty is? A gaunt, starved woman with great black eyes which had a look of hunger and terror, as if the shadow of fate had clutched her throat. A bare room—not bare, because it contained an old stove, a wretched bed, a broken chair, a bench, and—but nothing more. The gaunt, starved face women had bread to eat—bread and

nothing else. A bare room—bread and water. That is poverty. That is what brings to the heart that feeling of loneliness and grim despair, which is poisoned out of life or quenched, like a flickering light, in the green waters of the river which creeps softly past the city and carries every burden of sorrow and woe to the bosom of the lake.

Why did this woman live? Had life one charm for her? Perhaps she asked herself these questions as she sat with her face in her hands and looked out upon the cold, cheerless day. There were no tears in her great black eyes—only such a look of woe and despair that the world should have been there to see it, and to have it painted on their hearts.

"Mother!"

A little, wasted form on the wretched bed—a bony hand on the ragged quilt—a voice which told of hunger and pain and weary waiting.

She bent over him, and for a moment a mother's love shone in her eyes, and her wrinkled hand rested on his pale face with such tenderness as only a mother has.

"Lift me up and let me see the sunshine," he whispered, trying to put his arms around her neck.

"There is no sunshine," she whispered in reply, a sob in her throat.

"Kiss me, mother, and call me when the sunlight comes again," he said.

She knew that he had been dying for a week—sinking slowly and surely into eternity, but she had no friends to call in—she could only weep over him, and pray God that she might soon follow. With a

gasp and a sob she pressed her lips to his forehead, then turned away to struggle with her despair and her great sorrow.

The cloudy, cheerless day faded into dusk. She roused herself for a moment, and peered through the gloom to see if her boy still slept, and then she whispered with her thoughts again. And such thoughts!

When the darkness covered the bare floor as with a mantle, and when she could no longer see her own poverty, the boy suddenly cried out:

"Mother! mother! The sunlight has come!"

"Not yet, dear Ned, not yet! It is night now."

"But I see the sun—it lights all the room—it blazes into my face!" he called.

"There is no sun; it is cold and dark!"

"And it grows brighter! and I hear such sweet music! and I see little Tommy!" he whispered, while through the darkness she saw his white face grow radiant.

"You are dreaming," she sobbed.

"It was such a bright sun! The music is so sweet!" he whispered, clasping her hand.

"It is dark—it is night!" she gasped, but he did not hear.

The sunlight had truly come, but it was the sunlight—the golden rays reflected from the gates of heaven—and not the sunlight of earth. The mysterious curtain hiding the valley of death had lifted for his spirit to pass under, and woe had been left behind.

And of her? Ask the shadows of night—ask the river. When they found his little dead body she was

not there. If she is dead, God did not judge her harshly.

POINTER'S DYSPEPTIC GOAT.

VON BOYLE.

[Written for this book.]

Pointer rushes indo mine pootcher shop de oder tay, und he say :

"Bender, dit you know dot go-its vas intichestiple ? I mean, dit you efer heard apout a go-it mit de dysbepsia ? "

Pointer, he vas de man vot geeps de bolicy-shop, vone hoondret dwendy-fife shtreets mit de gorner, you know. He sells you live-assurance bolicies, und ven you die he gifs your vife fife tousand dollars abiece, if de house purns town; but if you set him on fire yourself, you don't got a cend.

Now I know dot's a ferry tifficult tings to told oxactly de drue: mit some beobles it vas unbropable, mit Pointer it vas unbossiple. He has peen so long assurance peesness, dot he has got ghronic enlargements of de imachinations. I told him vonce, he should saw de doctor apout it, und got waccinadet; but he vouldn't. So I says :

"Pointer, I got no dime to lisden to vild gooseperry shtories apout intichestiple go-its, or any oder kind of nonsense. I don't pelief it."

"It ain't no nonsense apout it," says Pointer. "Now, Bender, you bretent to pe a skientific man, vot likes to learn somedings alvays. Now I told you

a go-it can haf dysbepsia. I know it py mine own exberience. I had it myself—de go-it, I mean. It's name vas Nanny—Nanny Go-it. Dot's a pooty name; und it vas a pooty go-it. Go-its, you know, vas fery egonomical. I used dot go-it for a vaste baper pasket. Ven I shpoils a biece of baper, I vhistles, und she gomes de vindow up. Den I fling der baper into her mout, und she valks off, chews de baper, und makes nice go-it's milk oud of it—ten cends a quart for vaste baper !

"Vell, Nanny vould climb all ofer de rocks, und skhip up de site of de house—oh, how she vould go-it—alvays seemed happy; und she had a sblendit happytight. She vould eat anything, vrom a fine gambric anchorchief off de glothes-line, mit your name engrafed in de gorner, to a pasket of oyster-shells on de half-shell; und she nefer seemed to pe droupled mit indichestion.

"But she died in a strange vay. Some beoble tink she gommitted suinsite out of herself.

"Von tay a noo trug shtore mofed into Harlem, und he vasn't acquainted mit my go-it. So he put a pasket of dried sponges de door oud, und he leaves de cover off.

"Nanny she gomes along, und she vas pooty hoongry. She eat up dem dried shponges, und she eat up de pasket, und she licked up de sitewalk, und valked herself off.

"Py-und-by she gomes to a duck-pont, und she felt awful dry. She drank up dot pont, und left de ducks in de mud; und den she shtarts home.

"Py de time she got dere, she vas as pig as a cow,

und as light as a feader. Ven de vind blows, she vould roll ofer, und ve had to die her mit a shtring like a kite to geep her down.

"Ve sent for Toctor Sonnenschmidt, de cow-toctor. Vhen he comes he says, 'I untershtand oxactly de case. It vasn't eating de shponges;—it vas trinking de vater—hart-trinking—dot's vere she made de misdake. De only ting ve can do vas to put her in de glothes-wrinker und wrink her dry.'

"But it vas doo late. Vhile ve vent in to got de glothes-wrinker, ve heard a loud noise, like a cannon oxbloded. De glasses proke mit de vindows out; und ven ve comes mit de yard out again, de go-it vasn't dere. Und de next tay, you could find little pieces of shponges all ofer de shtreets of Harlem."

Dot vas Pointer's shtory. Den I said:

"Vell, Pointer, vot pecomes of dot go-it?"

"Dot's de mystery," says Pointer. "I don't know; but I subbose dot go-it died of indichestion. Blease sent dwo pounts borter-haus steak right avay ofer for preakfast. Goot morning!"

JENKS' INFERNAL MACHINE.

VON BOYLE.

[Written expressly for this book.]

Jenks was a genius.

A genius is a man who can see ten thousand dollars a great way off; but is frequently unable to perceive ten cents near enough to get hold of it.

When Mrs. Skinner opened the front door and saw Jenks standing there, she didn't want to let him in. She was in doubt whether he was a tramp or a lunatic.

She was about to introduce the watch-dog upon the scene, and thus cut short the interview, when suddenly the apparition opened its mouth, with a strange mechanical motion, and said it wanted board for a week, and would be willing to pay in advance.

Mrs. Skinner was greatly in need of a little money to make out her rent. So she took him in; although he looked so hungry that a terrific fear crossed her mind, that he might get up some night, and eat every thing in the house, and then devour the boarders, and thus break up her business.

During the afternoon, a wheelbarrow drove up to the front door, and Jenks moved in with his baggage, which consisted of a bandbox, one carpet-bag and two No. 14½ collar boxes. The collar boxes were tied with shoestrings; the bandbox was tied with pieces of rope and old neckties; and the "gripsack," which was down at the heels, and out at the elbows, was bandaged all over with handkerchiefs, and in addition had a large trunk-strap wound twice around it, to prevent spontaneous explosion.

It appeared to be very heavy, and the fearful suspicion occurred to Mrs. Skinner, that perhaps her new boarder was a burglar; although he certainly did not look ferocious enough to break open a coal-box, or rob a peanut stand.

He was very quiet at the table. The other boarders tried to "pump" him; but without success.

They shrugged their shoulders, and shook their heads vaguely, however, as they heard him hammering away in his room, at his mysterious occupation.

Whatever their suspicions may have been, however, there was no way of verifying them, for Mrs. Skinner declared that he never left his room unlocked for a moment, when he was out, and that the carpet-bag had a combination lock on it, anyway.

The fact is, Jenks was an inventor. His idea was to apply clock work to the phonograph, just as it is now applied to music boxes, so that when the instrument is wound up, instead of playing tunes, it would make a political speech, sing a jolly song, or deliver a heart-rending recitation at the will of the operator.

The machine was intended to be not only "accomplished," but even useful; for it could be arranged to wake one up for an early breakfast by sweetly singing "Five o'clock in the morning," or by sternly declaring in a deep and penetrating voice:

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Jenks was in the habit of practicing upon the machine in a loud voice, singing songs into it, making speeches at it, and inserting whole scenes from tragedies.

The boarders were divided in their opinions concerning the new-comer. Some thought he suffered from *delirium tremens;* a few opined that he was a law-student advocating imaginary causes before invisible juries; others again vaguely hinted their suspicions, that he was a counterfeiter or a burglar, and

merely pretended to be an elocutionist to cover up his dark schemes.

Meanwhile Jenks was working faithfully to complete his machine. The real cause of his secresy was his fear that some one would steal his invention.

One day he suddenly disappeared, and after an absence of nearly a week, he as suddenly returned by night, when most of the inmates of the house were wrapped in slumber.

He let himself in quietly with his latch-key, and then hurried up to his room. The poor fellow was no doubt intoxicated—perhaps with the thought that fame and fortune promised so soon to be his.

He placed in the machine the long roll of tinfoil on which the speeches, songs and tragedies were printed, and then wound up the instrument.

It started off with a vicious click—click! and then came to a dead stop. It was dusty or rusty, and needed oiling, and there was not a drop of oil in the bottle.

Inventors are apt to be impatient. Late as it was Jenks started out in search of the coveted machine oil.

He had hardly been gone five minutes when the machine started again—click—click! and all of a sudden the apparatus began to sing in the most rollicking style, "The Little Brown Jug."

When it came to the chorus it sounded as though there was a double quartette of jugs, little and big, and of assorted colors.

Mrs. Skinner rushed up stairs, battered away on Jenks' door, and declared that he was waking up the

whole neighborhood, and that if he did not desist she would call the police.

The heartless machine paid no attention to the expostulations of the landlady until it had sung two verses clean through. It then stopped, and all was silent.

Mrs. Skinner endeavored to get Jenks to say through the key-hole decidedly whether he intended to be quiet—yes or no.

She could get no answer, however, and was descending the stairs, to return to her room, when a tragic voice broke out upon the stillness of the night with :

"Stand back! old man; I have a prior claim. Before the face of man and heaven I urge it! I outbid yon sordid huckster for your priceless jewel. There is the sum twice told. Blush not to take it ; there's not a coin that was not bought and hallowed in the cause of nations, and with a soldier's——"

Click—click—click!

"Sixteen years in the Bastile, and still I cannot die!"

Click—click—click—click! "Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah for Dick Shaw!"

Click—clickety—clickety—click! and the machine stopped suddenly.

The boarders, arrayed in curious costumes, came out into the halls to inquire what was the matter, and the machine suddenly started again :

Click—click! "Fire! Police! Murder!"

The lady boarders shrieked in chorus. Some fainted, and others rushed into the street. One of the

gentlemen boarders hastily struck the fire-alarm, and shouted for the police at the top of his voice.

Mrs. Skinner, accompanied by a few of the terror-stricken inhabitants, took her stand at a point near the head of the stairs, and demanded that Jenks should come out and explain himself.

There was no immediate reply. Finally there was a preparatory click, and the machine shouted in a beseeching voice, "Help, help! Save me! Oh, sir, have mercy! Let me not perish thus! Take my life but spare my money!"

Upon this the boarders, summoning up a frenzied courage, burst open the door, struck a light, and peered into the room. All was still. Nobody was there.

While they stood eyeing each other in mute amazement,—"distilled to a jelly by the act of fear," the silence was suddenly broken by a dismal voice proceeding out of the depths of the closet:

"I am thy father's ghost, doomed for a time to—" clickety—click—click—click!

The assembly trembled in their stockings.

At this juncture, the approach of the fire engines could be distinctly heard, and the excitement culminated, when a member of "the finest police in the world" put in an appearance, and declaring that he feared nothing, dead or alive, valiantly entered Jenks' room, and threw back the closet door.

Nothing was to be seen in the mysterious closet but the two collar boxes, the dilapidated bandbox, and the ancient bald-headed carpet-bag; and the cry arose that the house was haunted!

At this point, a suspicious sound was heard, like that made by the setting of the trigger of a revolver; and a blood-curdling, cruel voice shouted:

"Now then, you carry off the house and I'll set fire to the girl. Ha! ha! Revenge! Ha! ha!"

The braggart policeman showed the white feather. He retreated indiscriminately, but was arrested by Mrs. Skinner, and brought back.

At this point Jenks entered the house with the machine-oil; and at the sight of him the boarders' hair stood on end.

Jenks demanded to know the cause of the uproar.

"Oh, you villain!" shouted Mrs, Skinner; "you have ruined the reputation of my house, but you shall suffer for your iniquity. You are a murderer, and the spirits of your victims have come back to testify against you. Arrest him, officer. That's the man. Take him to jail, immediately."

Now here was something the officer could take hold of. So he took hold of Jenks, and told him he was under arrest. Jenks refused to accompany him without his valise.

"Keep him down stairs there, policeman," shouted Mrs. Skinner; "I'll bring his valise to him. I want him to get out of my house as quick as possible."

Mrs. Skinner hurried to Jenks' room, got the valise, and had proceeded half way down to the front door, when suddenly a voice within the "gripsack" burst forth with:

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thou canst not say I did it. Shake not thy gory locks at me!"

Poor Mrs. Skinner! She thought it was a voice from the remains of one of Jenks' victims concealed in the carpet-bag! She shuddered with horror; her eyes grew dim; her head swam; she lost her presence of mind and her balance. She collapsed into a confused heap on the stairs, and rolled rapidly to the bottom; and the carpet-sack chased her all the way down.

Jenks took up the "gripsack," and the policeman took up Jenks.

They wended their way to the station house to the tune of "We won't go home till morning," sung by the machine in a loud voice, and with evident relish.

Upon explaining the case to the judge, Jenks was discharged with a reprimand; but when he returned to the mansion of Mrs. Skinner, he found that estimable lady nailing horseshoes over the front door, and he was promptly refused admittance.

He turned sadly away, and disappeared in the darkness. No one seems certain of his fate. But it is whispered among the knowing ones, that an enterprising speculator having heard of the affair, has engaged Jenks (and his machine), at an enormous salary, to travel and give spirit-manifestations all over the United States.

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT.

FRANCIS M. WHITCHER.

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once when he was in one of

his poor turns that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin' as we was a settin' by the fire; I was knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter), and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time). Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikeler way of lookin' 'round when he was gwine to say anything oncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," (my name was Priscilly naterally, but he ginerally called me "Silly," cause 'twas handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem, I tell you, he had a sollem countenance naterally—and after he got to be deacon, 'twas more so; but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and certingly you wouldent wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights 'cause he was so put to't for breath when he laid down. Why, it's an onaccountable fact, that when that man died he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married, and for five or six year after, I shouldent desire to see a ruggeder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of, he'd been out

o' health nigh upon ten year, and O, dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt, for better'n a year, and everybody said that was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a told me that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but lawful sakes! I most forgot I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing I believe in finishin' on it some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round for evermore, and never coming to the pint. Now there's Miss Jinkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married; she is the tejusest individooal to tell a story that I ever see in all my born days. But I was a gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I, "What?" I dident say, "What, Hezekier?" for I didn't like his name. The first time I ever heard it, I near killed myself a laffin. "Hezekier Bedott," says I, "well, I would give up if I had sich a name," but then, you know, I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you have this minnit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott; it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gin-

eration to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he *is* a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me, I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott, she is a *leetle* out of her reckonin'. But I was going to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly." I says, says I, "What?" If I didn't say "what" when he said "Silly," he'd a kept on saying "Silly," from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and I ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I, "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say; dident know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but *he* dident. He and me went once, in the dead o' winter, in a one-hoss slay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there, husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now *that* was what I call a *perdickerment*, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband

dident. He only said, says he, "Consarn it." How did we get out, did you ask? Why, we might a been sittin' there to this day fur as *I* know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly," (I could see by the light o' the fire, there dident happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgitful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company), I could see by the light o' the fire that his mind was oncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "*We're all poor critters!*"

THE SHANGHAI-SCHLAUSENHEIMER IMBROGLIO.

VON BOYLE.

[Written for this book.]

Our new neighbor is a Chinese laundryman. He moved in only a few days ago, and Schlausenheimer has gotten into trouble with him already.

There is nothing specially marked about this particular Mongolian, to distinguish him from the rest of his race. In fact, to us "red-haired barbarians," all the Chinese appear to be made of about the same material, if not cast in the very same mold.

Now the party of the first part in this little "affair," rejoices in the euphonious and suggestive

appellation of Shang-Hai; but as he is little over five feet tall, the boys call him Shang *Low*, for short. A picturesque "pigtail," three feet long, gayly dangles down his back; his complexion is saffron; his nose is pug; and he looks out upon the world with an eye cut bias.

One morning, bright and early, our friend Schlausenheimer might have been seen wending his way toward the Chinese territory, with a plethoric bundle under his arm.

"Dose Shinesers," said he to me some time afterwards—"dose Shinesers vas a ferry funny kind of a peoples. Dey don't nefer dalk mooch gonfersations mit you. You shust go dot shop in, und you say, 'Vashee—vashee ;' und he says, 'Alls de samee ;' you get a 'sheckee,' und you 'valkee offee ;' und dot settles it."

When Schlausenheimer received his first "checkee," however, he had little or no conception of its nature and value. To him it appeared to be merely an oriental advertising device to attract custom; a Mongolian business card; a curious chromo; a Chinese *plaque;* a simple piece of brown paper, which had been walked over by a hen dipped in Indian ink—only this, and nothing more.

He carried it carelessly down the street, and meeting with an unpropitious gust of wind, the check was suddenly seized from his hand, and carried up among the kites that ornament the telegraph wires.

Schlausenheimer stood and looked up at it for a while, but it was not until a wandering street Arab called out, "Say, Mister Dutchie, there goes your

washee!"—It was not till then that the thought flashed across his mind that the fire-cracker wrapper was perhaps of some importance.

At this stage of the proceedings, he hailed me, as I happened to pass, explained matters, and asked my advice.

"Well, the only thing you can do," said I, "is to go right back and try to get another check. But I'm afraid, Schlausenheimer, that you've lost your washing."

"No, I didn't losed de vashings. I shust lose de sheck; und ven I goes Vednesday night around to got de vashings, I'll git anoder vone."

One of Schlausenheimer's peculiarities is that he is always asking advice, and never taking it. I therefore left him without further suggestions.

At length the eventful Wednesday evening came; and Schlausenheimer went over to the laundry. He demanded his "washee," and Shang demanded his "checkee."

"You gottee checkee?" asked Shang, with the sweetest of smiles.

"No; I don't got no sheckee. You see de vind——"

"No checkee; no washee," interrupted Shang, in a sad but firm voice. And he then returned to his ironing.

"Look here vonce, Mr. Shineemans, I vas coming arount de corner, und de vind was coming arount de oder corner, und I losed de sheckee, you know, und——"

"You losee checkee?" asked Shang, looking up.

"Yes; dot's it—dot's shust vot I saidt mineself. I losed de sheckee."

With sphinx-like calmness Shang replied solemnly, irrevocably:

"You losee checkee; you losee washee."

Shang may have had the impression that his visitor was a sneak-thief, a confidence man or one of those hoodlums that like "to have a little fun with the Chinaman;" but Schlausenheimer neither knew nor cared what Shang Hai thought; he simply felt that this is a free country, and he wanted his washing.

"If you don't gif me dot vashee, I vill pullee your pig-tailee dill you nose vas plack as plue all ofer your facee, all de samee. You untershtandee?"

"Walkee offee; too much talkee," said Shang. "No time fcolee; me gotee whole lottee washee."

Schlausenheimer could not explain himself very clearly, of course, neither in Chinese nor in English, for that matter; but he gave Shang to understand distinctly and emphatically, by pounding on the counter, stamping on the floor, waving his hands above his head and other similar calisthenic demonstrations, that he wanted something or other, and he wanted it very badly, too.

Shang thought he was tight, and that he wanted to be put out; which he accordingly proceeded do.

In the engagement which followed, the numbers were very unequal. The German forces consisted of one man; and he was unarmed. The Chinese army consisted of a battalion headed by Shang Hai and many lieutenants, including Ah Sin, Ah Look, Peek In, Cum Sing Hai and Hop Long John.

Brave Schlausenheimer was defeated, but not conquered. He stood out upon the sidewalk, and pantomimed to the Chinese to come out, pointing again and again to the telegraph wires.

The Chinese evidently thought he was crazy, and that he was trying to rent them the wires to be used as clothes-lines; for they merrily laughed in their own quaint way—laughed in their sleeves—convenient sleeves; and knowingly winked at each other.

Schlausenheimer finally succeeded, however, in getting a delegation to come out and listen respectfully to his petition, which was to this effect:

"Me no gottee no sheckee; aber me vantee mine vashee, allee de samee. Vindee blowee, sheckee goee up shky-highee, delegraph viree. If you don't untershtandee you vas a pig-tail foolee!"

This remarkable speech included all that Schlausenheimer knew of the Chinese language. When he had finished, he waited anxiously for the result.

Shang's displomatic response was as follows:

"Allee lightee, you climb uppee, gettee checkee, comee downee, gettee washee."

"I don't could glimb up dot delegraph boles, not a pit. You tinks I vas a monkey-shacks."

The only reply that Shang deigned to make to this, was short, sharp and to the point:

"No monkey, no climbee; no climbee, no checkee; no checkee, no washee."

Shang, now considering the interview at an end, returned with the remainder of the embassy into the shop, and resumed business; while poor Schlausenheimer walked away a sadder and a madder man.

But the end is not yet. Schlausenheimer swears he will have satisfaction; and he is going to law about it. He has considerable money. He will therefore get satisfaction—the lawyers will get the money; and Shang will keep the "washee" until he gets his "checkee."

THE DESERTER.

MARY A. BARR.

[From the Trenches at Galveston, 1862.]

"Deserter!" Well, Captain, the word's about right,
And it's uncommon queer I should run from a fight,
Or the chance of a fight; I, raised in a land
Where boys, you may say, are born rifle in hand,
And who've fought all my life for the right to my ranche
With the wily Apache and the cruel Comanche.

But it's true—and I'll own it—I did run away.
"Drunk?" No, sir! I'd not tasted a drop all the day;
But—smile if you will—I'd a dream in the night,
And I woke in a fever of sorrow and fright,
And went for my horse; 'twas up and away;
And I rode like the wind till the break of the day.

"What was it I dreamt?" I dreamt of my wife—
The true little woman that's dearer than life;

I dreamt of my boys—I have three—one is ten,
The youngest is four—all brave little men—
Of my one baby girl, my pretty white dove,
The star of my home, the rose of its love.

I saw the log house on the clear San Antoine,
And I knew that around it the grass had been mown,
For I felt, in my dream, the sweet breath of the hay.
I was there! for I lifted a jasmine spray;
And the dog that I love heard my whispered command,
And whimpered, and put his big head in my hand.

The place was so still; all the boys were at rest;
And the mother lay dreaming, the babe at her breast.
I saw the fair scene for a moment; then stood
In a circle of flame, amid shrieking and blood.
The Comanche had the place—Captain, spare me the rest;
You know what that means, for you come from the West.

I woke with a shout, and I had but one aim—
To save or revenge them—my head was aflame,
And my heart had stood still; I was mad, I dare say,
For my poor horse fell dead at the dawn of the day;
Then I knew what I'd done, and with heart-broken breath,
When the boys found me out, I was praying for death.

"A pardon!" No, Captain; I did run away,
And the wrong to the flag it is right I should pay
With my life. It's not hard to be brave
When one's children and wife are gone over the grave.
Boys, take a good aim! When I turn to the west,
Put a ball through my heart; it's kindest and best.

* * * * * * * *

He lifted his hat to the flag—bent his head,
And the prayer of his childhood solemnly said—
Shouted: "Comrades, adieu!"—spread his arms to the west—
And a rifle ball instantly granted him Rest.
But o'er that sad grave by the Mexican sea,
Wives and mothers have planted a blossoming tree;
And maidens bring roses, and tenderly say:
"It was Love—sweetest Love—led the soldier astray."

LECTURE BY ARTEMUS WARD.

You are entirely welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to my little picture-shop.

I couldn't give you a very clear idea of the Mormons—and Utah—and the Plains—and the Rocky Mountains—without opening a picture-shop—and therefore I open one.

I don't expect to do great things here—but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy

me a passage to New Zealand, I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain.——I'd rather live in Margate—or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America.

How often do fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an artist. I don't paint myself——though, perhaps, if I were a middle-aged single lady, I should——yet I have a passion for pictures——I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—or rather sweet to look at for a short time—and, as I said before, I like them. I've always loved pictures.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge.——The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention.

They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that Time passes on.——It is a kind of a way Time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less

mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who——takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome——Rome in New York State, I mean——a distinguished sculpist wanted to sculp me. But I said, "No." I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands—he would have flooded the market with my busts——and I couldn't stand it to see everybody going round with a bust of me. Everybody would want one, of course—and wherever I should go, I should meet the educated classes with my bust, taking it home to their families. This would be more than my modesty could stand——and I should have to return to America——where my creditors are.

I like art. I admire dramatic art—although I failed as an actor.

It was in my school days that I failed as an actor.——The play was the "Ruins of Pompeii."——I played the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance—but it was better than the "Burning Mountain." He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

The remembrance often makes me ask—"Where are the boys of my youth?"——I assure you this is not a conundrum.——Some are amongst you here——some in America——some are in jail.

Hence arises a most touching question—"Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married——some would like to be.

Oh, my Maria! Alas! She married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I

am.——Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow £200. I lent him the money—and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the £200 he had borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so I told him I would throw off one hundred pounds. He brightened—shook my hand—and said—"Old friend—I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality—I'll throw off the other hundred."

As a manager I was always rather more successful than as an actor.

Some years ago I engaged a celebrated Living American Skeleton for a tour through Australia, He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh anything scarcely—and I said to myself—the people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity. It is a long voyage—as you know—from New York to Melbourne—and to my utter surprise, the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea, than he commenced eating in the most horrible manner. He had never been on the ocean before—and he said it agreed with him. I thought so!——I never saw a man eat so much in my life. Beef—mutton—pork——he swallowed them all like a shark———and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels eating hard-boiled eggs. The result was that when we reached Mel-

bourne, this infamous skeleton weighed sixty-four pounds more than I did.

I thought I was ruined——but I wasn't. I took him on to California——another very long sea voyage——and when I got him to San Francisco, I exhibited him as a Fat Man.

This story hasn't anything to do with my entertainment, I know——but one of the principal features of my entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

I like music.——I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window, and sang—"Come where my love lies dreaming."——I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct.

I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah——and I was very ill——I was fearfully wasted.——My face was hewn down to nothing—and my nose was so sharp I didn't dare stick it into other people's business—for fear it would stay there—and I should never get it again. And on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married—though not so much so as her husband—he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing, "Sweet bird—do not fly away!"——and I told her I wouldn't.——She played the accordion divinely—accordionly I praised her.

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head——yet that man could play

on the bass drum better than any man I ever met.——He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow——I had night-mares of course. In the morning the the landlord said—"How do you feel—old hoss—hay?"—I told him I felt my oats.

JOHN O' THE SMITHY.

DUGANNE.

SMITH.—"One who makes or effects anything."—*Worcester.*

Down in the vale, where the mavis sings,
  And the brook is turning an old-time wheel,
From morning till night the anvil rings
  Where John o' the Smithy is forging steel.
My lord rides out at the castle gate;
  My lady is grand in bower and hall,
With men and maidens to cringe and wait;
  And John o' the Smithy must pay for all.

The bishop rides in a coach and four,
  His grooms and horses are fat and sleek;
He has lackeys behind and lackeys before;
  He rides at a hundred guineas a week.
The anvil is singing its "ten pound ten,"
  The mavis pipes from a birken spray,
And this is the song that fills the glen:
  "John o' the Smithy has all to pay."

John has a daughter rosy and sweet,
  My lord has a son with a wicked eye;
When she hears the sound of his horses' feet,
  Her heart beats quicker,—she knows not why.
She will know very well before the end;
  She will learn to detest their rank and pride,
When she has the young lord's babe to tend,
  While the bishop's daughter becomes his bride.

There will be the old, old story to tell
  Of tyrannous wrong in places high;
A bishop glozing the deeds of hell;
  The priest and the Levite passing by.
And the father may bow his frosted head,
  When he sees the young bride up at the hall,
And say 'twere better his child were dead;
  But John o' the Smithy must bear it all.

The smith and his daughter will pass away,
  And *another* shall make the anvil ring
For the daily bread and the hodden-gray;
  But the profits shall go to the priest and king.
And over the wide world, day by day,
  The smiths shall waken, at early morn—
Each to his task in the old dull way,
  To tread a measure of priestly corn.

And the smiths shall live on the coarsest fare,
  With little that they may call their own,
While the idler is free from work and care;
  For the best of all shall go to the drone.

And the smith complains of the anvil's song—
Complains of the years he has wrought and pined,
For the priests and rulers are swift to wrong,
And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear strong voice from over the sea
Is piercing the murk of the moral night;
Time is, time was, and time shall be
That John o' the Smithy will have his right:
And those who have worn the mitre and crown,
Who have pressed him sore in body and soul,
Shall perish from earth, when the grist is ground,
And the Mighty Miller has claimed his toll.

UNPUBLISHED PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ANONYMOUS.

It is the merry summer time. To him, the mother of the father of his country:

"George dear, where have you been since school was dismissed?"

"Hain't been no where, ma."

"Did you come straight home from school, George?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"But school is dismissed at three o'clock, and it is now half-past six. How does that come?"

"Got kep' in."

"What for?"

"Missed m' joggrafy less'n."

"But your teacher was here only an hour ago, and said you hadn't been at school all day."

"Got kep' in yestiddy, then."

"George, why were you not at school to-day?"

"Forgot. Thought all the time it was Saturday."

"Don't stand on one side of your foot in that manner. Come here to me. George, you have been swimming."

"No'me."

"Yes, you have, George. Haven't you?"

"N o a p."

"Tell your mother, George?"

"N u c k."

"Then what makes your hair so wet, my son?"

"Sweat. I run so fast comin' from school."

"But your shirt is wrong side out."

"Put it on that way when I got up this morning for luck. Always win when you play for keeps if your shirt's on wrong-side out."

"And you haven't the right sleeve of your shirt on your arm at all, George; and there is a hard knot tied in it. How did that come there?"

"Bill Fairfax tied it when I wasn't lookin'."

"But what were you doing with your shirt off?"

"Didn't have it off. He jes' took'n tied that knot in there when it was on me."

"George!"

"That's honest truth, he did!"

About that time the noble Bushrod came along

with a skate strap, and we draw a veil over the dreadful scene, merely remarking that boys do not seem to change so much as men.

HE FIRED HIS FATHER'S GUN.

ANONYMOUS.

Now glory to th' United States,
  In whom great glories lie;
And glory to this king of dates—
  The Fourth day of July.

Let cannon boom and let bells ring!
  Unfurl the starry flag,
And let the grand old ensign swing
  From every peak and crag.

Though loud the patriot sings, "Hail
  Columbia! let's rejoice,"
His cry is but a feeble wail
  To our small boy's shrill voice.

Ere yet the sun in eastern skies
  Above the hills has risen,
The youth had fled, with glist'ning eyes,
  Like jail-birds out of prison.

With Chinese crackers in a jar,
  And punk grasped in his hand,
He makes a noise that's heard as far
  As Moses' promised land.

None knows the joy that he doth feel,
When soon, in search of fun,
His buoyant brain doth madly reel—
He finds his father's gun.

He seeks some safe, secluded spot,
Where no one else will come;
He fills the gun with wad and shot,
And then he rams it home.

Then comes a burst of thunder sound!
The boy—oh! where is he?
Ask of the winds that far around,
With fragments strew the lea!

STORY OF A BEDSTEAD.

[From the San Francisco Wasp.]

It was night.

The boarding house was wrapt in tenebrous gloom, faintly tinted with an oder of kerosene.

Suddenly there arose on the air a yell, followed by wild objurgations and furious anathemas.

Then there was a clanking and rattling, as of an overturned picket fence, and another yell, with more anathemas. The fatted boarders listened, and, ghostly clad, tip-toed along to Buffum's room; he of Buffum & Bird, second-hand furniture dealers. As they stood there, there was a whiz, a grinding, a rattling and a bang, and more yells. They consulted and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

"Open it."

"I can't."

Convinced that Buffum was in his last agony, they knocked in the door with a bed post.

The sight was ghastly. Clasped between two sturdy though slender frames of walnut, Buffum, pale as a ghost, was six feet up in the air. He couldn't move. He was caught like a bear in a log-trap.

"What on earth is it?" they said.

"Bedstead—combination. New patent I was tellin' you about," gasped Buffum.

His story was simple, though tearful. He had brought it home that day, and after using it for a writing-desk, had opened it out and made his bed. He was going peacefully to dream-land, when he rolled over and accidentally touched a spring. The faithful invention immediately became a double crib, and turned Buffum into a squalling wafer. Then he struggled, and was reaching around for the spring, when the patent bedstead thought it would show off some more, and straightened out and shot up in the air, and was a clothes-horse. Buffum said he didn't like to be clothes, and he would give the thing to anybody that would get him out. They said they would try. They didn't want any such fire-extinguisher as that for their trouble, but they would try. They inspected it cautiously. They walked all around it. Then the commission merchant laid his little finger on the top end of it. The thing snorted and reared as if it had been shot, slapped over with

a bang, and became an extension table for ten people. When they recovered from the panic, they came back. They found the commission merchant in the corner trying to get breath enough to swear, while he rubbed his shins. Buffum had disappeared, but they knew he had not gone far. The invention appeared to have taken a fancy to him, and incorporated him into the firm, so to speak. He was down underneath, straddling one of the legs, with his head jammed into the mattress. Nobody dared to touch it. The landlady got a club and reached for its vital parts, but could not find them. She hammered her breath away, and when she got through and dropped the club in despair, the thing spread out its arms with a gasp and a rattle, turned over twice, and slapped itself into a bed again, with Buffum peacefully among the sheets. He held his breath for a minute, and then, watching his opportunity, made a flying leap to the floor just in time to save himself from being a folding-screen.

A man with a black eye and cut lip told the *Wasp* editor about it yesterday. He said he owned the patent, and Buffum had been explaining to him how it worked.

BENDER ON MACBETH.

VON BOYLE.

[Re-arranged for this book.]

Ladies und Chentlesman of de Harlem Readings Glub: Pefore making dot recipitation vich I haf selectet for dis efenings, I vill shpoke chust a couble

of speaks apout Mr. und Mrs. Macbeth. For furder informations, see "History apout de Life und Death of Macbeth, by Villiam Henry Shakeshpear, A. M., LL. D., F. R. S.," etc., etc.

Dere vas vonce a great king in Shcotland, und his name it vas Druncan; und he had a great sheneral vot could fight pooty vell (und his name vas Macbeth).

Und vhile Macbeth und anoder sheneral, vot could fight also pooty vell (und his name vas Buncomb), comes von de vars pack again, und dey meets two dree seferal vitches. Vell, you could easy dell vhich vas vitch, und vhich vas vitches, pecause dey vore vhite night-gowns und proomshticks und "svitches"—dem vitches. Dot's de vay you can told vhich is vitch, und vhich is vitches; also vhich is vhich, und vitch is svitches. Und dem vitches gried oud, "Here comes vone vhich is going pe king of Shcotland hereaftervards." Und Macbeth he didn't could dell vedder dey meant him oder Buncomb, so he asked vone old vitch, "Vhich, you old vitch?" Den said dem dree vitches, "De vone vhich is coming to pe king pooty gwick vas Macbeth." *Dot's all apout vitches.*

He wrote ein letter to his vife,
Und sent it to de town of Fife,
Und said, "My dear, my lofe, my life,
Shoost vonce go run und got a kernife.
If you can't cut our lofe in two,
Den I lofe me as you lofe you,
Und I'll pe king of Shcotland.

Dot's all apout poetry.

Secondly. Macbeth he vas a pooty good feller, und

he didn't vant to kill Druncan. He vas so kindt-heartet dot if he vas vonce to kill Druncan, it vould almosd kill him. Howefer, he vould rader pe king of Shcotland as gone a fishing; but he t'ought he vould vait shoost a leetle, und den maype if Druncan kills himself oder some oder feller. *Dot's all apout killing.*

But his vife, Mrs. Macbeth! She vas de vorst vomans vot valks de top of dis vorld on. She calls him a cowyard, und said he vas shcart; dot he don't know B vrom peans, vhen de pag vas open, und de bull puts his foot in it. *Dot's all apout peans.*

Vell, dot king he comes to see Macbeth pecause he don't know dot he vill got killed. Und dot night Mrs. Macbeth she got up, und she vent down, und she prought a pig scheese-knife pack vrom dot cellar out. Den she goes Macbeth's ped-room in, und she pulls him of his ped out, und she say:

"Yoonk man, if you don't go in und grab Druncan, und shtab Druncan until he vas deadt Druncan, I vill kick you pooty gwick out of two bales of hay."

Vell, now, ain't dose a nice shpecimens of languages to say apout her own huspand right pefore of his pack? Vomans vas de shtrangest kind of beoples vot you can't find nefer out. Anypody vot vas a fool vould tink dot Mrs. Macbeth vas a voman's rights. I vould tink so mineself—if I vas a fool. But chenerally vhen dot vomans vas de "boss" of de haus, she don't like to pe called shtrong-minded; und if you calls her a voman's rights, she vill hit you mit de proom-shtick. *Dot's all apout vomens.*

Vell, Mrs. Macbeth she had de mostest ampition vot you nefer saw. She vants him to pe de king, so

she could be de gueen of Shcotland; und eferpody vot shtands in de vay, she makes her oldt man kill him in pieces. But py-und-py sometings don't agree mit her; und she gits pad treams. Den she had some nambulism—she valks mit her shleep. Dere vas a shpot of plood mit her hand; und she don't can got him off mit sapolio. Und she valks efery night mit her shleep, und says:

"Vill not dot shpot git up und got? Aye, dere's de rup!"

So she rups und rups till she rups herself all avay. *Dot's all apout Mrs. Macbeth.*

Vell, Mr. Macbeth, you know, he lofed his vife so much he vould do anytings she liked; und Mrs. Macbeth she lofed him so much dot she vould let him do anytings to blease her. So he shtarts for Druncan's room to kill him in de dark, ven he vouldn't know noting apout it. But on de vay he has attack of inflammations of de gonscience; und he tinks he sees a ploody tagger in de air; und he makes a shpeech apout it. He say:

"To pe oder not to pe, dot's vot's der matter,—
Vedder it vas nobler in der mindt we soofer
Der shlings und arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or dake arms against ein siege of droubles,
Und by opposing—put a head auf dem. To die—to shleep,
Nicht mehr; und by dot shleep to say we endt
Der ache-heart, und der tousand natural shakes
Dot flesh got von his ancestors out. Dot's a consumption
Devoudly to be wished! To die—to shleep—

To shleep! maybe you got der nightmare dot time.
Ay! dere's de scrub;
For in dose shleep of deat' dot dreams dot comes
Ven a man shoofles his mortal coil avay some blaces
Vill make him sit down und tink a little about dot;
Dere's der respect dot makes calamitation got sooch
a long life-time.
For who would bear der whips und shcorns of time,
Der oppressor's wrong, der proud man's contoomly,
Der pangs of despised lofe, der law's delay,
Der insolence of officers, vomen's rights und wrongs,
Trade dollars, shcandals,—all dem tings;
Vhen he himself might his quietus make
Shoost mit a scheese-knife? Who vould fardels bear,
To grunt und sweat oonder a veary life,
But dot der fraid of somedings after ve got deadt,
Ven ve shall go to dot gountry vot nobody don't
know noting aboud,
Und shtay dere all our life-time, puzzles der vill,
Und makes us rader bear dose drouble vot ve already
got,
As go some blaces else—und maybe got some more!
So gonscience makes cowyards von eferybody oudt!
Und dhus der native hue of resolution
Got sick all ofer himself mit der pale cast of t'ought,
Und enterprises of great pit' und moment,
On accound of all dese tings already,
Deir currants durn avay,
Und lose de name of peesness."

Vell, dot's all de recipitation.

But dere vas anoder feller vaiting outsite. He vas a sheneral alzo, und his name vas Come On

McTough. He vaited dill Macbeth had shpoke his leetle bieces, und den he rushes in, full of courage und oats-meal, und he shtabbed Macbeth; und he cut him up into mince pies; und he killed him a goot deal; und he died.

Und dot's all apout Macbeth.

THE BAR-TENDER'S STORY.

ANONYMOUS.

When I knowed him at first, there was suthin',
A sort of a general air,
That was very particular pleasin',
And what you might call debonair.
I'm aware that expression is Frenchy,
And rather high-daddy perhaps;
Which accounts that I have the acquaintance
Of several quality chaps.

But he got to increasin' his doses,
And took 'em more often, he did;
And it growed on him faster and faster
Till inter a bummer he slid.
I was grieved to observe this here feller
A shovin' himself down the grade;
And I lectured him onto it sometimes
At the risk of spilin' the trade.

At last he got thunderin' seedy,
And he lost his respect for himself;
And all high notions of honor
Was bundled away on the shelf.

But at times he was dreadful remorseful
Whenever he'd stop for to think,
And he'd swear he'd reform himself frequent,
And end up by takin' a drink.

What saved the young feller? A woman.
She done it in the singlerest way;
He come into the bar-room one evenin'
(He hadn't been drinkin' that day),
And he sot himself down to a table
With a terrible sorrowful face,
And he sot there a groanin' repeated,
And callin' himself a gone case.

He was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin',
And cussin' himself for his fate;
And ended his thinkin' as usual
By orderin' a Bourbon straight.
He was holdin' the glass in his fingers,
When into the place, from the street,
There came a young gal like a spirit,
With a face that was powerful sweet.

And she glided right up to the table,
And took the glass gently away;
And she says to him, "George, it is over;
I am only a woman to-day!
I rejected you once in my anger,
But I come to you lowly and meek,
For I can't live without you, my darling,
I thought I was strong, but I'm weak.

"You are bound in a terrible bondage,
And I come, love, to share it with you;
Is there shame in the deed? I can bear it;
For at least to my love I am true;
I have turned from the home of my childhood,
And I come to my lover and friend,
Leaving comfort, contentment and honor,
And I'll stay to the terrible end.

"Is there hunger and want in the future?
I will share it with you and not shrink!
And together we'll join in the pleasures,
The woes and the dangers of drink."
Then she raised up the glass firm and steady,
But her face was as pale as the dead—
"Here's to wine and the joys of carousals,
The songs and the laughter," she said.

Then he riz up, his face like a tempest,
And took the glass out of her hand;
And he slung it away stern and savage,
And I tell you his manner was grand!
And he says, "I have done with it, Nelly,
And I'll turn from the ways I have trod,
And I'll live to be worthy of you, dear,
So help me a merciful God!

"You have saved me, my love and my darling,
On a noble and womanly plan;
Go back to your home till I seek you
In the garb and the strength of a man."

* * * * * * * *

I seen that same feller last Monday
  Lookin' nobby and handsome and game,
He was wheelin' a vehicle, gentlemen,
  And a baby was into the same.

LEAP OF THE KNIGHT OF ALTENAHE.

CANON KINGSLEY.

[The following poem, by the late Canon Kingsley, was read by him before the members of the Allston Club, Baltimore, Md., during his visit to this country, and was given by him to them in token of the pleasure he had experienced at their hands. It was never published, and the original manuscript, from which this is set, is the only copy known to be in existence.]

So the foe is close on the henchmen of mine,
  And the water is well nigh down!
Then bring me a draught of the red Ahe wine—
  I never shall drain but this one.

And bring me my harness, and saddle my horse,
  And lead him me round to the door;
He must tread such a road to-night, perforce,
  As steed never trod before.

I have lived my life; I have fought my fight;
  I have drank my share of wine;
There ne'er was a knight, in wrong or in right,
  Led a merrier life than mine.

I have lived by the spur for years a score,
  And if I MUST die on a *tree*,
The old *saddle* tree that has borne me of yore
  Is the properest timber for me.

And now to show bishops and burghers and priests
How the Altenahe hawk can die!
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly.

He harnessed himself by the pale moonshine;
He mounted his steed at the door;
He drained such a draught of the red Ahe wine
As man never drank before.

He spurred his old horse, and he held him tight.
And he rode him out over the hall,
Right over the cliff—straight into the night—
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning, down in the glen,
With never a bone of him whole;
But God may have more mercy than man
On such a bold rider's soul.

PROF. MAX ADDLEPATE'S SCIENTIFIC SERMON.

VON BOYLE'S ADAPTATION.

[Arranged for this book.]

In the city of baked beans, otherwise called *Bosstown*, there is a church of scientific saints who call themselves "The Society for Æsthetic Culchah."

They meet every Sunday and listen to learned sermons or "ethical lectures," as they call them, based upon some text taken from the classics;—Aristotle,

Socrates, Plato, Browning, Emerson are among philosophers from whom they draw their inspiration.

They are not confined strictly, however, to the philosophers as such,—for anything that has become a classic is considered worthy of their attention, from Homer to Mother Goose.

The celebrated Prof. Max Addlepate regaled this æsthetically ethical and intellectually impressionable congregation upon a certain occasion recently, with the following remarkable discourse:

Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none.

These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson, and I propose this evening to analyze their meaning. *Dubio ergo cogito; cogito ergo sum.*

The genius sees something remarkable in that which to others is simply commonplace.

Now I will call your attention to what I can plainly read between the lines.

Firstually and primarily, who was this Mother Hubbard? She was no doubt a person of æsthetic culchah. Names are very significant, and her family cognomen was doubtless derived from an ancestor who was the poet *par* excellence of Boss-town. A poet, therefore a bard; of Boss-town, therefore of the *Hub;*—the poet of Boss-town, therefore the bard of

the Hub, or the *Hubbard. Excelsioribus poetaster, Hubbub universalis.*

Mother "H.," we see, was *old,*—an old woman. There being no mention of others, we may presume she was *alone*—a lone widow, solitary and *friendless*—a friendless *female.* In short, a *lone old friendless solitary female widow woman.*

Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No; *she went to the cupboard!*

And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard. She did not wait for the cupboard to come to her. She did not hop or skip or jump or use any other peripatetic artifice. She solely and merely *went to the cupboard.*

We have seen that she was old and lonely, and now we further see that she was *poor.* For mark, the words are "*the* cupboard," not "one of the cupboards," or "the right-hand cupboard," or "the left-hand cupboard," or "the cupboard above," or "the cupboard below," or "the cupboard under the stairs," but just "*the* cupboard;" the one little, humble cupboard the poor widow possessed.

And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? No! *It was to get her poor dog a bone.*

We are not told whether it was a ham-bone, a jawbone or a trombone. Presumably it was a pork-bone. For in the language of the Latin author, Horace (Greeley), *Bostonibus et porkabus con beanis evray Sundaybus.*

Not only was the widow poor, but the dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too.

We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, in hope—in expectation, maybe,—to open it. Although we are not told that it did not stand already half open or ajar,—a jar of preserves perhaps, not a family jar, for there was no family to stand a-jar. *Pater familias non est.*

When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

"When she got there." You see, my hearers, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persisting in doing right. *She got there. Nil desperandum. Toujours a la promenade.*

And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was *bare.*" It was *bare.* There were to be found neither oranges, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer-matches; for the cupboard was bare. There were no *Charlottes de Russe,* no Saratoga wafers, no Boston brown bread! no leg of mutton nor porter-house steak, nor Worcestershire sauce nor sheere tomato sauce, nor sauce for the goose which is sauce for the gander, Telegoose or Michigander, as it were, for the cupboard was *bare.*

There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that house, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious lodestar of the poor dog, as it were, was *bare.*

And this brave Mother Hubbard, the widow, who owned that dog, and whom many thoughtless in-

dividuals would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived, or I might even say she saw at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard.

She did not attempt, as some would, to war against the inevitable. She did not try, like others, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. *The poor dog had none.*

And at this point our information ceases. But do we not know enough? Are we not cognizant of sufficient? Would we dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard or the bone *that was not there?*

Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, or depict to ourselves the dog still dropping his disappointed tail upon the floor—the sought for bone still *remaining somewhere else?*

Ah, no, my dear friends; we are not so permitted to attempt to read the fuchah. Let it suffice for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons.

Let it suffice for us to ponder them, to meditate upon them, to ruminate over them and to apply them; and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our natures, let us be guided by this triplicate conclusion:

Primarily. Avoid being widows. Don't be a widow if you can help it.

Secondarily. Always have more than one cupboard full of provisions, and especially bones.

Tertiarily. Let us try to avoid keeping dogs that are in the habit of getting hungry.

But, brethren, if we do, if fate has ordained that we should be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may we also, without prancing or curveting to the right or left, go straight to that cupboard, and may future chroniclers be able to write of us as in the beautiful words of the poem:

> The little dog laughed to see the sport,
> And the dish ran away with the spoon.

This, friends, finishes Mother Hubbard—and her dog—and the congregation is now dismissed.

A MORNING SKETCH.

[Toronto Grip.]

He wanted his razor-strop. He had just lathered his chin in the most exhaustive manner, and was preparing to put a finer edge on his razor. Now the razor-strop was always kept in the washstand drawer, the one nearest the wall. He fancied he always put it there himself; certainly he had made it a rule to do so. He had already taken out the razor, and he now puts his hand mechanically into the drawer for the strop. No strop was there! His hand only came in contact with air of a peculiarly exasperating thinness.

"By Jove!" he thought to himself, as he opened the other drawer, "what a singular quality of the fe-

male mind that! not to be able to distinguish between two drawers for two days consecutively. Yet I would wager anything, Fanny would swear I had put the strop in here myself." He was groping discursively among what appeared to be the stock in trade of a small *friseur*, but nothing as palpable as a razor-strop resisted his touch through the silky fluffiness of the general contents.

"Where is the confounded thing?" he exclaimed, staring about the room vaguely, but like a man whose angry passions are very near the surface. "Why can't they leave my things alone, I should like to know? Fanny! Fanny!" he called over the banister, with more accent than was absolutely necessary. "What the dickens have you done with my razor-strop?" The serene voice of conscious rectitude was heard in fluty tones replying:

"In the washstand drawer, love, the one nearest the wall." Now there was something in the fluty tones of Fanny, just at that moment, that suggested to her husband a second trial of the drawer. For when Fanny threw a certain *timbre* into her voice, he usually found that she had the maddening quality of being right in regard to the subject under discussion. Back he strode into the room, with an uncomfortable stiffness about his chin as of dry soap, and pulled the drawer out—nay, pulled both drawers out, and turned them up side down upon the floor. Positively no strop! By this time there was a grimness in the man's demeanor visible to the meanest capacity, and particularly noticeable in his walk, as he strode a second time to the head of the stairs.

"Fanny!" he shouted in loud impetuous accents, "I tell you again it isn't there! What do you mean by always meddling with my shaving things?"

The answer was perhaps a trifle more *staccato* than before. "Your strop is in the drawer, my dear. I put it away yesterday morning, when I found that as usual you had left everything on the dressing table."

"Drawer!" he is believed to have muttered at this point. "I'll draw her!" and he fairly jumped back into the room, and dashing at the bureau, he began throwing the contents of each drawer, one after another, out upon the floor, with an awful impartiality that knew no distinctions. But after exhausting these receptacles, and shaking and stamping on each article they had contained, no razor-strop presented its simple proportions to his blazing sight. "Fanny!" he yelled over the banister for a third time, in a voice of thunder that curdled the blood in the veins of his little children as they sat at their early porridge.

"Fanny!"

And then his wife came up-stairs, and stood at the door while he danced upon the scene of devastation, and brandished a curious weapon in his hand, after the fashion of a feathered Feejee or other untamed denison of wilds too gruesome to name.

"This is past believing," he observed. "This is the kind of method and order one would expect in Bedlam. Look round this room, will you?" By Jove! it is too much. Look you, madam, I'll dine at the Club after this—and sleep and breakfast there, too! Then perhaps my razor-strop, ha! ha! will be forth-

coming when I dare to treat myself to the luxury of a shave! Ha! I'm a monster, of course, to presume to shave in my own house. I admit that; but for mere curiosity's sake now, I should like to know where the strop is! The coffee's overdone by this time, and the bacon sodden; so a few moments spent in cheerful conversation cannot hurt the breakfast. Did Freddy take it for a hammer, or has Flossy dressed it up for a doll? or did you give it to an æsthetic tramp, as you did that file of *Grip?*"

Pausing an instant for breath, Fanny took the opportunity of making a single remark:

"Are you speaking of the razor-strop in your hand," asked she softly, "or of some other one?"

A peculiar tingling sensation seemed to creep along his arm as he heard these words, and he appeared to shrink together, and to measure several inches less than usual in every direction.

But as he vigorously resumed the operation of shapening his razor, which he remembered now he had dropped while he applied the lather, he returned angrily:

"Why the deuce didn't you say so before?"

A FREE SEAT.

ANONYMOUS.

He was old and poor and a stranger
  In the great metropolis,
As he bent his step thitherward
  To a stately edifice.

Outside he inquires, "What church is this?"
"Church of Christ," he hears them say;
"Ah! just the place I am looking for,
I trust He is here to-day."

He passed through the spacious columned door,
And up the carpeted aisle,
And as he passed, on many a face,
He saw surprise and smile.
From pew to pew, he quietly went,
Then across the broad front space;
From pew to pew down the other side,
He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit
To listen to gospel truth;
Not a sign of deference had been paid
To the aged one by youth.
No door was opened by a generous hand,
The pews were paid for—rented—
And he was a stranger, old and poor,
Not a heart to him relented.

As he paused a moment outside to think,
Then passed into the street,
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone,
That lay in the dust at his feet,
And bore it up the broad, grand aisle,
In front of the ranks of pews,
Choosing a place to see and hear,
He made a seat for his use.

And calmly sitting upon the stone,
  Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly reviewing the worshippers,
  A great confusion he sees.
Many a cheek crimsoned with shame,
  Some whisper together sore
And wish they had been more courteous
  To the stranger, old and poor.

As if by magic some fifty doors
  Open simultaneously,
And as many seats and books and hands
  Are proffered hastily;
Changing his stone for a crimson pew,
  And wiping a tear away,
He thinks it was a mistake, after all,
  And that Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
  The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard
  Was preached by an humble stone.
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth
  That lodged in many a heart,
And the church preserves that sacred stone,
  That the truth may not depart.

O'CONNEL AND THE FISHWOMAN.

[Abridged expressly for "Von Boyle's Recherché Recitations."]

One of the drollest scenes that O'Connel ever figured in, took place in the early part of his life.

His talent for vituperative language was early developed, and by some he was considered, even in these days, a matchless scold.

There was, however, in Dublin at that time, a certain woman, Biddy O'Houlihan by name, who had a huckster's stall on one end of the quay, nearly opposite the four Courts. She was a virago of the first order. From one end of Dublin to the other, she was notorious for her powers of abuse. And even in the provinces, Mrs. O'Houlihan's language had passed into currency.

Some of O'Connel's friends, however, thought he could beat her at the use of her own weapons.

Of this, however, O'Connel himself had some doubt. But when one of the company rather too freely ridiculed the idea of the young Kerry barrister's ability to cope with the famous Mrs. O'Houlihan, O'Connel, who never liked the idea of being put down, professed himself ready to encounter his famous rival; it was decided that the contest should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huckster's stall, and there they found the owner herself superintending the sale of her small wares. A few ragged loungers and idlers were hanging round her stall, for Biddy

was a "character," and, in her way, one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connel was very confident of success. He had laid a very ingenious plan for overcoming her, and with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it in practice. He resolved to open the attack.

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. what's-your-name?"

"O'Houlihan, sir, is my name; and a good one it is, and what have you to say ag'in it? And one and sixpence is the price of the stick, and it's cheap as dirt, so it is."

"One and sixpence for a walking-stick, whew! whew! Why, you are no better than an impostor to ask one and sixpence for what only cost you fourpence."

"Fourpence your grandmother! Do you mane to say it's chatin' the people, I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Aye, impostor! and it's that I call ye to your teeth."

"Come, cut your shtick, you cantankerous ould jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old diagonal."

"Stop your jaw! you pug-nosed badger, or by this an' by that, I'll make you go quicker than you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old radius; anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hooky! if you say another wurrud of your imperence, I'll tan your hide for you—an' sorry I'll

be for to soil my hands wid such a common good-for-nothin' scrub."

"Oho, boys! what a passion old Biddy is in—I protest as I'm a gentleman——"

"A gintleman! a gintleman! the likes of you a gintleman! Wisha, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippensneezer! whin did a Madagascar monkey like you pick up enough common dacency to hide his Kerry brogue?"

"Aisy now, don't choke yourself with fine language, you antiquated whiskey-drinking parallelogram."

"What's that you call me, you murtherin' ould villain?"

"I call you a parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury would support me in saying it's no libel to call you so."

"Tare-an-ouns! that a dacent, honest 'ooman like me should be called a parybellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird, you cowardly, sneaking, plate-licking blaggard."

"Oh, not you, indeed! I suppose you'll deny that you keep a hypothenuse in your house?"

"It's a lie for you, you rascally robber. I *never* had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure all your neighbors know very well, that you not only keep a hypothenuse in your house, but also that you have two diameters locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday—you heartless old heptagon, you unmitigated *individual!*"

"Oh, hear that,—ye saints in glory! There's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass himself for a gintleman! May the divil fly away wid you, you mitcher from Munster!—you flannel-mouth bog-trotter!"

"But you cannot deny the charge, you miserable old submultiple of a duplicate ratio."

"Go rinse your mouth in the river! After all the bad words you shpake it ought to be dirtier than your face, you cantankerous ould chicken of Beelzebub!"

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old polygon! To the dickens I pitch you, you blustering intersection of an antique superficies!"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice! if you don't cease your jaw, I'll"—But here she lost her breath, and likewise lost her temper; for the last volley from O'Connel had nearly settled her. O'Connel continued nevertheless to berate her, without mercy:

"While I have a tongue, I'll abuse you, you most inimitable periphery. Look at her, boys! There she stands a convicted perpendicular in petticoats. There's contamination in her circumference, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her corollaries. Ah, ha! you're found out, you rectilinear antecedent and equiangular old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping similitude of the bisection of a vertex."

At this juncture Mrs. O'Houlihan was so overcome with her emotions, that she could no longer contain herself. Catching up a saucepan, she aimed it at O'Connel's head; and he was forced to beat a hasty retreat. It was decided, however, that O'Connel had won the victory!

THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

JOSEPH KIRTLAND.

PART I.—THE PROBLEM.

A monarch wise, two ladies fair,
  A youth not blessed with rank or money,
A royal tiger from his lair,
  These are our *dramatis personæ*.

The king was great. That potentate
Full wisely steered the ship of state;
And most of all his shrewdness showed
In his majestic Penal Code.

An amphitheatre, nobly used,
Served as a court where each accused
By his own act strict justice got,
Or,—'twas *his* fault if he did not.

The culprit, real or supposed,
Was placed before two portals closed;
Then uncontrolled, self-guided quite,
He took his choice, 'twixt left and right.
Behind the one, in wait for him,
A tiger lurked, severe and grim;
The other hid a lovely maid,
Young, rich, for wedlock all arrayed.
Which door to open? Death or life?
A beast of prey? A lawful wife?
No wonder if he gasped and tarried,
We all do when we're killed or married.

The trial, from its institution
Down to the final execution,
Not having any lawyers in it,
Took just the space of *half a minute.*
On this grand scheme of penal laws,
So free from doubt, delay, excitement,
Each of the tiger's separate *claws*
Was a "separate clause" in the indictment.

Said we not well this king was shrewd,
Who this strong, simple plan pursued?
The crowd amused, law vindicated,
The tigers fed, the maidens mated.
The king's own daughter's inclination
Was toward a youth of lowly station,
And since he was like "Barkis, willin,"
He *must* have been a hardened villain.
So the police pursued him—caught him,
And to the Colosseum brought him;
And thither came the monarch proud,
The princess and the baser crowd.
Behind the scenes another maiden
Attends, with all her gewgaws laden,
While close at hand, to left or right,
The tiger—with his appetite.
The throng now see the culprit enter,
And pause at the arena's centre,
Turn, face to the royal box, and bow;
Alas, how feels the princess now?
She only, favored of the Fates,
Knows the dread problem of the gates,
Which hides her rival's hateful face,

And which the tiger's lurking-place.
Her luckless lover vainly tries
To read her secret in her eyes;
What sign can reach his straining sight?
She lifts her lily hand—the right;
He sees the sign, he must obey;
He bows again, and turns away,
Faces the double-gated wall,
Advances firmly, and—that's all.

Right here the story halts—the sequel
Its author left with chances equal.
Did love decree the youth's survival?
Although united to a rival,
Did Envy conquer Love, and say,
"The youth shall be the tiger's prey?—
What, see her to her bosom take him?
I'd rather let the tiger shake him!"
This last I know's a harsh suggestion,
But did she heed it—that's the question?

PART II.—THE SOLUTION.

This tiger, savage, fierce and strong,
Had fasted there alone and long,
And grown to be far hungrier than a
Quadrupedal Doctor Tanner.
He sniffed the wall that did divide
Him from the maiden t'other side;
One sniff, two sniffs, three sniffs were all,
Then he forthwith *tore down the wall.*

And now Sir Tiger's had his fill,
Another pound would make him ill;

He's no more need for persons raw,
Than Barnum's tiger—stuffed with straw.

Too long we've let our hero stand,
Since his fair princess raised her hand;
Boldly he opes the right-hand portal,
Then staggers back in terror mortal!
From out the gateway, crouching low,
The tiger steps, sedate and slow;
Stops, stoops, unsheaths and sheaths his claws,
While all may note the awful paws.
He gives the youth a scornful glance,
And passes on with looks askance;
He does not seem to care to eat him,
Meets him, in fact, but does not meat him.
He smoothes his whiskers, walks the ring,
Winks at the princess and her lover,
Then smiles serenely at the king,
And scans the multitude all over.
His lordly form and bearing made
Fit setting for the part he played;
He, on the sands of that *theayter*,
From top to toe looked *glad-he-ate-her*.
He peered and purred and paced awhile,
With that same soft seductive smile,
Then to a shady corner crept,
And laid him down and sweetly slept.

The king in this a portent sees.
Quoth he, while quake the royal knees,
"Go, daughter, quickly as you can,
And wed that praiseworthy young man."

The princess trips across the sands
To where her lover waiting stands;
They're married fast,
'Mid cheers and laughter,
And then live happy ever after.

Oft did the swain, in later life,
Demand the secret of his wife,
And by all arts strove to oblige her
To tell which door had hid the tiger.*
But she, as all historians say,
Kept silent till her dying day;
So no step further ever made he
To solve the problem, "Death or Lady?"

THE BAD BOY GETS A BLACK EYE.

G. W. PECK.

[From "Peck's Bad Boy," by permission of Belford, Clark & Co.]

"Ah, ha, you have got your deserts at last," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in with one eye black, and his nose peeled on one side, and sat down on a board across the coal-scuttle, and began whistling as unconcerned as possible. "What's the matter with your eye?"

"Boy tried to gouge it out without asking my consent," and the bad boy took a dried herring out of the box, and began peeling it. "He is in bed now, and his ma is poulticing him, and she says he will be out about the last of next week."

* "G" pronounced soft.

"O, you are going to be a prize-fighter, aint you," said the groceryman, disgusted. "When a boy leaves a job where he is working, and goes to loafing around, he becomes a fighter the first thing. What your pa ought to do is bind you out with a farmer, where you would have to work all the time. I wish you would go away from here, because you look like one of these fellows that comes up before the police-judge Monday morning, and gets thirty days in the house of correction." And the groceryman took a hair brush, and brushed some loose sugar and tea that was on the counter, into the sugar barrel.

"Well, if you have got through with your sermon, I will toot a little of *my* horn," and the boy threw the remains of the herring over behind a barrel of potatoes, and wiped his hands on a coffee sack.

"The way of the black eye was this: I've got a job tending a soda fountain, and last night, just before we closed, there were two or three young loafers in the place, and a girl came in for a glass of soda. Five years ago she was one of the brightest scholars in the ward school, when I was in the intermediate department. She was just as handsome as a peach, and everybody liked her. At recess she used to take my part when the boys knocked me around, and she lived near us. She had a heart as big as that cheese box, and I guess that's what's the matter. Anyway, she left school, and then it was said she was going to be married to a fellow who is now in the dude business, but he went back on her, and after a while her ma turned her out-doors, and for a year or two she was in a concert saloon, until the mayor stopped

concerts. She tried hard to get sewing to do, but they wouldn't have her. I guess 'cause she cried so much when she was sewing, and the tears wet the cloth she was sewing on. Once I asked pa why ma didn't give her some sewing to do, and he said for me to dry up and never speak to her if I met her on the street. It seemed tuff to pass her on the street when she had tears in her eyes as big as marbles, and not speak to her when I knew her so well, and she had been so kind to me at school, just 'cause a dude wouldn't marry her; but I wanted to obey pa, so I used to walk around a block when I saw her coming, 'cause I didn't want to hurt her feelings. Well, last night she came in the store, looking pretty shabby, and wanted a glass of soda, and I gave it to her, and O, how her hand trembled when she raised the glass to her lips, and how wet her eyes were, and how pale her face was. I choked up so I couldn't speak when she handed me the nickle, and when she looked up to me and smiled just like she used to, and said I was getting to be almost a man since we went to school at the old school-house, and put her handkerchief to her eyes, by gosh, my eyes got so full I couldn't tell whether it was a nickel or a lozenger she gave me. Just then one of those loafers began to laugh at her, and call her names, and he made fun of her until she cried some more, and I got hot and went around to where he was, and told him if he said another word to that girl, I would maul him. He laughed and asked me if she was my sister, and I told him that a poor, friendless girl, who was sick and in distress, and who was insulted, ought to be every boy's sister for

a minute, and any boy who had a spark of manhood should protect her, and then he laughed and said I ought to be one of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and then he took hold of her faded shawl, and pulled the weak girl against the show-case, and said something mean to her, and she looked as though she wanted to die, and I mashed that boy one right in the nose. Well, the air seemed full of me for a minute, and he got me down and got his thumb in my eye. I guess he was going to take my eye out, but I turned him over and got on top, and I mauled him until he begged, but I wouldn't let him up until he asked the girl's pardon, and swore he would whip any boy who insulted her, and then I let him up, and the girl thanked me, but I told her I couldn't speak to her, 'cause she was tuff, and pa didn't want me to speak to anybody who was tuff; but if anybody ever insulted her so she had to cry, that I would whip him if I had to take a club. I told pa about it, and I thought he would be mad at me for taking the part of a girl that was tuff; but, by gosh, pa hugged me, and the tears come in his eyes, and he said I had got good blood in me, and I did just right, and if I would show him the father of the boy that I whipped, pa said he would whip the old man, and ma said for me to find the poor girl, and send her up to the house, and she would give her a job making pillow-cases and night-shirts. Don't it seem darn queer to you that everybody goes back on a poor girl 'cause she makes a mistake, and the blasted whelp that is to blame gets a chromo. It makes me tired to think of it," and the boy got up and shook himself, and

looked in the cracked mirror hanging upon a post, to see how his eye was getting along.

"Say, young feller, you are a thoroughbred," said the groceryman, as he sprinkled water on the asparagus and lettuce, "and you can come in here and get all the herrings you want, and never mind the black eye. I wish I had it myself."

THE SINGING LESSON.

JEAN INGELOW.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
  But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
  Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
  Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they'd heard her song;
  She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
  And wished she could skip a year.

"Oh! nightingale!" cooed a dove,
"Oh! nightingale! what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl!
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you *can* do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass,
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale didn't care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended *there*,
And *there* she fixed her eyes.

The people that stood below,
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out!

SKOWHEGAN ONDERDONKS' SUNDAY-SCHOOL ORATION.

BILL NYE.

[From "Forty Liars," by permission of Belford, Clark & Co.]

"As regards impromptu speeches," said Woodtick Williams, as he breathed softly on a piece of blossom rock, and looked at it earnestly through his pocket-glass, "I was never what you might call a natural, easy, graceful, extemporaneous speaker in public.

"I can sit down on a boulder or an old powder-keg, and reel anything off to the boys in a tolerably loquacious and instructive style, but when I get up before a big mob, and begin to scatter a few pregnant gems of thought around among the audience, I get wild and skittish, and want to go home.

"Then when I take my seat, the big ideas that adjourned when I was on the rostrum come thronging back to me, and fill me so full of inspiration and dumb yearning and warm, earnest swearfulness, that it seems as if I'd bust.

"Once, I remember, I was called on by the General Passenger Agent and Acting Manager of a Salt Lake Sabbath-school to address the children. The floor manager had me down for a thirty minutes'

dissertion on 'The Uncertainty of Terrestrial Things,' or some such racket as that, and I thought I'd have to work it mighty fine, to say all that was surging and throbbing in my teeming brain; but when I sat down and mopped the dew off my marble brow, and looked at my watch, I found that I'd only been a fraction over seven minutes.

"All that I can remember of that agonizing speech is about this:

"'Dear children, I'm afraid I'll encroach on your time—but—I want to say a word—that is, a few words—I won't detain you long—or, at least, not very long—a few words about morality and—firearms.

"'Never fool with firearms that have not been loaded. Don't do it.

"'I once knew a boy who looked down into the silent depths of an old double-barrel shotgun that had not been loaded since Columbus discovered America, and all at once he went crashing through the Zodiac, and he is up there somewhere now. All we ever found of him was a stone-bruise and the place where he had been. O, it's awful!

"'I also knew a little lad with soft, curling hair and deep violet eyes. Everybody loved little Ephraim. But one day he turned his attention to the mystery that clung to an old smooth-bore that Daniel Boone used to have, and that had never been loaded since. This gun had stood around in the corner for about a century, and been kicked and battered by every one, just taking it all pleasantly so as to throw people off their guard, and when the

hired girl swept up little Ephraim, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.'

"Then I apologized for not saying anything on morality, because I had taken up so much time, and sat down.

"But it took old Jim Onderdonk to speak without any preparation. We called him Skowhegan Onderdonk, because he came from Skowhegan, and he was tall enough to whitewash the sky, if he had a step-ladder. He never had to stop and cough and take a drink of water while he thought of a hard word. O, no. Just give him a grown person's dose of Cemetery Promoter, and he'd address a caucus or a funeral, he didn't care which.

"One day I heard him speak to the children on the subject of 'The Efficiency of Energy.'

"He always announced his subject beforehand, not because he ever alluded to it afterwards in any way, but because he had noticed that most public speakers had a subject to speak on.

"As near as I can call to mind now, Skowhegan Onderdonk spoke about as follows:

"'Dear children, did you ever stop to think that what we are to-day, and what we will be to-morrow and the next day and the day following and next week and next month and next year and all through our eventful lives is not so much what we in vain anticipation regard ourselves retrospectively as what we ultimately were or some day might previously be?

"'Did you ever stop to consider how much we may find out by ascertaining?

"'Journeying adown life's rugged pathway, did you ever stop to ponder, dear children, upon the cold, hard fact, that the longer you live the older you become, and as you acquire knowledge you gradually get to knowing more?

"'Ah, let us learn a valuable lesson from this eternal truth and flee from that which is what.

"'Let us promise ourselves to-day—right now, without a moment's delay—that, as we continue to ram facts into our systems and glean intelligence, we will, at the same time, become better informed.

"'Try to impress this never dying truth upon your minds: That whatever we do not do at once or at some time in the future, unless some one else does it, will in all human probability remain undone.

"'We should learn from this the importance of these things that are most essential.

"'I might talk to you for hours with pleasure of these things, but I cannot take up the time. One more suggestion, and I will close.

"'You are all young now. The future is before you. This will seem singular to you at first, but when I explain it to you you will see at once that if it were anywhere else it would seem out of place and unhappy.

"'You will readily perceive that things have been so wisely ordered that not only in the economy of Nature does the uncertain subsequently follow closely upon the already forgotten previously, but the hazy and obscure past was at one time the unborn germ of the dim and incandescent directly, em-

bosomed in the great unknown finally, and shrouded in the prismatic colors of the boundless ultimately.

"'I am afraid, however, that you do not quite get at the never-dying truth that I am trying to elucidate to you. As I said before, the future is before you. If you understood this thoroughly, you would rejoice that it has been placed in that position, but you are now young and you think you can see little places where Nature has missed it.

"'In the fluff and bloom and exuberance of youth, you naturally feel as though the general management of the universe is open to criticism. You see here and there little irregularities in the economy of the universe, where you could have improved upon it if you had been consulted as to the policy of the administration. This has taken up a great deal of your time, and worn you out. When you get older you will throw off a good deal of this responsibility, and it will be a great relief to you.

"'Looking back upon my own childhood, I can see here and there in the light of a chastened experience, where if I had not done just as I did, perhaps I should have done differently.

"'Instead of wearing myself out with anxiety, and fretting over the fear that my parents would come to some bad end, if I had taken more relaxation and rest, I would have been better off to-day. Instead of trying to improve the time-card of the heavenly bodies, if I had rubbed glycerine on the backs of my feet, where they were cracked open, I would have been happier then, and I would have entered upon a useful manhood instead of being the physical wreck

that I am now, worn out sitting up nights for fear that the heavenly bodies would crash into each other.

"'This is not only true of all things, but of everything else.

"'There is a great field of thought open to you here, and I simply call your attention to it. I haven't the time nor ability to enlarge upon it, but I leave it for your consideration. As you grow older and learn more of the way creation is managed, you will gradually endorse it and approve of it until you are old and gray-headed, and then you will admit that the whole system is arranged and governed as well as you could have done it yourself.

"'Go where information is turned loose at reduced rates, and absorb all you can. Let it soak into you. It won't hurt you after you get accustomed to the novel sensation a little.

"'Then in after years you can write a large encyclopedia of what you don't know, and you will look back to this time in your history and thank me for calling your attention to these little matters that pertain to those things to which they refer, but are utterly irrelevant to all other matters with which they are in no way connected.'"

SOME ITEMS ABOUT SNAKES.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"Do you want some items about snakes?" asked an agricultural-looking gentleman of the *Eagle's* city editor the other day.

"If they are fresh and true," responded the city editor.

"Exactly," replied the farmer. "These items are both. Nobody knows 'em but me. I got a farm down on the Island a piece, and there's lots of snakes on it. Near the house is a pond about six feet deep. A week ago my little girl jumped into the pond, and would have been drowned if it hadn't been for a snake. The snake seen her, and went for her, and brought her ashore. The particular point about this item is the way he did it."

"How was it?" asked the city editor.

"It was a black snake about thirty feet long, and he just coiled the middle of himself around her neck so she couldn't swallow any water, and swum ashore with his head and tail. Is that a good item?"

"First class."

"You can spread it out, you know. After they got ashore the girl patted the snake on the head, and it went off pleased as Punch. Ever since then he comes to the house regular at meal times, and she feeds him on pie. He likes pie. Think you can make anything out of that item?"

"Certainly. Know any more?"

"Yes. I got a baby six months old. He's a boy. We generally set him out on the grass of a morning, and he hollers like a bull all day—at least he used to, but he don't any more. One morning we noticed he wasn't hollering, and wondered what was up. When we looked, there was a rattlesnake coiled up in front of him scanning his features. The boy was grinning, and the snake was grinning. Bimeby the snake

turned his tail to the baby, and backed his rattle right into the baby's fist."

"What did the baby do?"

"Why, he just rattled that tail so you could hear it three-quarters of a mile, and the snake lay there and grinned. Every morning we found the snake there, until one day a bigger snake came, and the baby played with his rattle just the same till the first snake came back. He looked thin, and I reckon he had been sick and sent the other snake to take his place. Will that do for an item?"

"Immensely," replied the city editor.

"You can fill in about the confidence of childhood, and all that, and you might say something about the blue-eyed cherub. His name is Isaac. Put that in to please my wife."

"I'll do it. Any more snake items?"

"Lemme see. You've heard of hoop snakes!"

"Yes, often."

"Just so. Not long ago we heard a fearful row in our cellar one night. It sounded like a rock blast, and then there was a hiss, and then things were quiet. When I looked in the morning I found the cider barrel had busted. But we didn't lose much cider."

"How did you save it?"

"It seems that the staves had busted out, but before they could get away, four hoop snakes coiled around the barrel and tightened it up and held it together until we drew the cider off in bottles. That's the way we found 'em, and we've kept them around the house ever since. We're training 'em for

shawl-straps now. Does that strike you favorably for an item?"

"Enormously," responded the city editor.

"You can fix it up so as to show how quick they was to get there before the staves were blown off. You can work in the details."

"Of course. I'll attend to all that. Do you think of any more?"

"I don't call any to mind, just at present. My wife knows a lot of snake items, but I forget 'em. By the way, though, I've got a regular living curiosity down on my place. One day my oldest boy was sitting on the back stoop doing his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He felt something against his face, and there was a little snake coiled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all them sums. We've tamed him, so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the lightningest cuss at figures you ever seen. He'll run up a column eight feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a reaper for him."

"What kind of a snake is he?" inquired the city editor, curiously.

"The neighbors call him an adder."

"Oh, yes, yes!" said the city editor, a little disconcerted. "I've heard of the species. When did all these things happen?"

"Along in the fore part of the spring, but I didn't say anything about 'em, 'cause it wasn't the season for snake items. This is about time for that sort of thing, isn't it?"

"Yes," chipped in the exchange editor, "you

couldn't have picked out a better time for snake stories. Take them over to the cashier's desk. He'll buy them of you at twenty-five cents a yard."

RUBBER-HOSE MACARONI.

G. W. PECK.

[From "Peck's Bad Boy," by permission of Belford, Clark & Co.]

The bad boy has been for three weeks trying to think of some innocent joke to play on his father. The old man is getting a little near-sighted, and his teeth are not so good as they used to be, but the old man will not admit it. Nothing that anybody can say can make him own up that his eyesight is failing, or that his teeth are poor, and he would bet a hundred dollars that he could see as far as ever. The boy knew the failing, and made up his mind to demonstrate to the old man that he was rapidly getting off his base.

The old person is very fond of macaroni, and eats it about three times a week.

The other day the boy was in a drug store and noticed in a show-case a lot of small rubber hose, about the size of sticks of macaroni, such as is used on nursing bottles and other rubber utensils. It was white and nice, and the boy's mind was made up at once. He bought a yard of it, and took it home. When the macaroni was cooked and ready to be served, he hired the table girl to help him play it on

the old man. They took a pair of shears and cut the rubber hose in pieces about the same length as the pieces of boiled macaroni, and put them in a saucer with a little macaroni over the rubber pipes, and placed the dish at the old man's plate.

Well, we suppose if ten thousand people could have had reserved seats, and seen the old man struggle with the India-rubber macaroni, and have seen the boy's struggle to keep from laughing, they would have had more fun than they would at a circus. First the old delegate attempted to cut the macaroni into small pieces, and failing, he remarked that it was not cooked enough.

The boy said his macaroni was cooked too tender, and that his father's teeth were so poor that he would have to eat soup entirely pretty soon. The old man said, "Never you mind my teeth, young man," and decided that he would not complain of anything again. He took up a couple of pieces of rubber, and one piece of macaroni on a fork, and put them in his mouth. The macaroni dissolved easy enough, and went down perfectly easy, but the flat macaroni was too much for him. He chewed on it for a minute or two, and talked about the weather in order that none of the family should see that he was in trouble, and when he found the macaroni would not down, he called their attention to something out of the window, and took the rubber slyly from his mouth, and laid it under the edge of his plate. He was more than half convinced that his teeth were played out, but went on eating something else for a while, and finally he thought he would just chance

the macaroni once more for luck, and he mowed away another fork full in his mouth. It was the same old story. He chewed like a seminary girl chewing gum, and his eyes stuck out and his face became red, and his wife looked at him as though afraid he was going to die of apoplexy, and finally the servant girl burst out laughing, and went out of the room with her apron stuffed in her mouth, and the boy felt as though it was unhealthy to tarry too long at the table, and he went out.

Left alone with his wife the old man took the rubber macaroni from his mouth and laid it on his plate, and he and his wife held an inquest over it. The wife tried to spear it with a fork, but couldn't make any impression on it, and then she saw it was rubber hose, and told the old man. He was mad and glad at the same time; glad because he had found that his teeth were not to blame, and mad because the grocer had sold him boarding-house macaroni. Then the girl came in and was put on the confessional, and told all, and presently there was a sound of revelry by night, in the wood-shed, and the still, small voice was saying, "O, Pa, don't! you said you didn't care for innocent jokes. Oh!" And then the old man between the strokes of the piece of clap-board, would say, "Feed your father a hose-cart next, won't ye? Be firing car-springs and clothes-wringers down me next, eh? Put some gravy on a rubber overcoat, probably, and serve it to me for salad. Try a piece of overshoe, with a bone in it, for my beefsteak, likely. Give your poor old father a slice of rubber bib in place of tripe to-morrow, I ex-

pect. Boil me a rubber water-bag for apple dumplings, pretty soon, if I don't look out. There! You go and split the kindling wood." 'Twas ever thus. A boy can't have any fun now days.

THE STRANGER—AN EASTERN LEGEND.

WALLACE BRUCE.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent.
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent;
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed he towards the east.
Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies,
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.
But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,
The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod—
"Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?"
He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said,
"Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night.
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky;
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.

"Where is that aged man?" the Presence said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
Who made thee master of thy Master's bread?
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?"
"Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
"Ah, me! the stranger might with me have staid,
But, O, my God, he would not worship thee."
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait;
Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

SCHLAUSENHEIMER'S ALARMING-GLOCK.

VON BOYLE.

There has been considerable excitement in Harlem concerning the arrest of Schlausenheimer upon the charge of assaulting Officer Dyonsius O'Brien. Bender, the butcher, a relative of Schlausenheimer, has furnished me the following account of the affair. I transmit it *verbatim.*

Now I glaim dot bluck vas simbly sooccessful shtubborness, und shtubborness vas unsooccessful bluck. But Pointer, de assurance achent und mineselef ve get a arguments up on dot vonce.

"A tisopediant moole," says Pointer, "vot vill not shtir a shtep, he vas *shtubborn*, but a prafe man vat vill nefer gif up de sheep, he vas *blucky*."

"Yes," says I, "he vas blucky—if he soocceeds. If he don't soocceeds, den he vas as pig-headet as a moole; und dot's vot's de matter mit Schlausenheimer."

Now bluck vas a fery goot ting to haf, if it vas mixed mit a leetle gommon senses—about halef und halef. Gommon senses mitout bluck don't nefer aggomblishes only chust a leetle; but bluck mitout gommon senses aggomblishes a goot teal doo much, und ought to pe locked ub mit a lunadics asylum.

Vell, Schlausenheimer, you know, he chust geeps eferytings mit himself yet. He don't nefer told his vife someting about notings already.

Von day I says:

"Schlausenheimer, maype it vas petter if you told your vife *eferyting* about sometings und someting about eferytings. Your vife vas your *bartner*."

"Vell, she's got to pe a *silent* bartner," says he.

"Not *doo* silent," says I. "Vomens has some rights dot a man vas pound to exbect."

"I don't believe no such nonsense," says Schlausenheimer, "not a pit. Dot vas vomen's riots, dot vas, und of all kinds of riots—visky riots, election riots, und efery oder kind of riots—dem vomen's riots vas de vorstest of dem all."

"Look here," says I, "dot's not a fair arguments, pecause you tidn't bronounce dot right. It vasn't ri-*ots*—it vas ri-*ets*."

Den Schlausenheimer gets mad.

"Ri-ots or ri-ets," says he, "I vouldn't haf it in mine house. I vas pound to haf eferytings harmoniousness if I haf to preak de proomshtick, und dot settles it."

Vell, I didn't said noting more mit him, but I said mit mineself, as I valks avay:

"It vas gwite efitent nadure intented dot Schlausenheimer should pecome a ferst-glass itiot, und Schlausenheimer he don't got no opchections."

Vell, he puyed himself von of dose alarming-glocks, you know, vot vakes you out at fife o'glock in de mornings. He puts him mit de mandel-bieces dereon, und he goes mit de pedt derein.

Mrs. Schlausenheimer she gets in de mittle of de night up, und dot glock vent off—vay off de mandelbieces—vhile Mrs. Schlausenheimer vas py de next room looking for a matches.

Schlausenheimer chumps up und he knocks Mrs. Schlausenheimer town in de mittle of his sleep.

He hit her on de headt of de shtairs, und dey bot' rolled to de pottom togedder town, heels over packvards.

Mrs. Schlausenheimer, you know, grabbed him py de tark, mit de hair from his headt, pecause Schlausenheimer, he tinks, you see, dot she vas all de times de burgular vot he vas chust treaming apout coming to shteal his glock at fife A. M. in de morning.

Ven dey got mit de pottom of de shtairs de glock shtruck vone, und Schlausenheimer he shtruck de odder vone.

It vas de polices vot runs mit his glub in, to put de fire out. Vhack! he hits Schlausenheimer pack again mit his headt. If he had any prains dot times dey vouldt come out. It vas a goot ting somedimes to pe apsent-minded; und Schlausenheimer's mind has peen apsent efer since he is porn.

Vell, he shust hit him vonce; but it vas sufficient—und enough vas as goot as a briest.

He knocked Schlausenheimer into de mittle of last veek. He losed a whole veek's vork py it, und he is sick more as a mont' apout a year aftervards.

Dot bolices vouldn't took no oxcooses; but he took Schlausenheimer. He took him so gwick you can say Chack Ropison mit de shtation-houses.

Vell, de chudge of de shtation-house he say, "Vot's de sharge?"

Dot bolicemans vas aggrafatet, so he says, "Salt on a bolices."

De chudge vas exaggerated, und he says, "Fine, fife tollars."

Schlausenheimer vas indignatet, und he says, "Dat's a fraudt, und I vouldn't put up mit it."

So de chudge gifs him fife tollars more fine, for content mit de court.

Now, I don't plame de chudge mineself, pecause he called him a superanimatet olt shpringheister, und he ought to toldt his vife all apout it pefore he puts him mit de mandel-bieces, und dot's de vorst tings you couldt call de shudge, anyvay. You know vot dot shpringheister vas in Inklish? Vell, dot means a monkey chumping-chack-up-a-shtick, ven you bulls him mit a shtring.

Now, dot's de vay mit Schlausenheimer. He didn't vant to lose his money, so he loses his demper, und de chudge he find it—fife tollars abiece.

But if dot chudge couldt only find Schlausenheimer fife tollars efery times vot he loses his demper, in less as a year dot chudge vouldt pe a millionaire—und Schlausenheimer he vould be a poor-haus.

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

MARK TWAIN.

I notice that one can always write best when some one is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's, down town. I have observed, in many cities, that the sex always shrink from calling up the Central Office themselves. I don't know why, but they do. So I touched the bell, and this talk ensued:

Central Office (*gruffly*)—"Hello!"

I—"Is it the Central Office?"

C. O.—"Of course it is. What do you want?"

I—"Will you switch me on to the Bagley's, please?"

C. O.—"All right. Just keep your ear to the telephone."

Then I heard k-look, k-lcok—klook-klook-klook-look-look! then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping female voice: "Y-e-s!" (*rising inflection*) "Did you wish to speak to me?"

Without answering, I handed the telephone to the applicant and sat down. Then followed the queerest of all the queer things in this world—a conversation with only one end to it. Your hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamation of glad

surprise or sorrow or dismay. You can't make head nor tail of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following remarkable series of observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted—for you can't ever persuade the sex to speak gently into a telephone:

"Yes? Why, how did *that* happen?" (*pause.*)

"What did you say?" (*pause.*)

"Oh, no, I don't think it was. (*pause.*)

"No, oh, no, I don't mean *that.* I meant, put it in while it is still boiling—or just before it *comes* to a boil." (*pause.*)

"WHAT?" (*pause.*)

"I turned it over with a back stitch on the selvage edge." (*pause.*)

"Yes, I like that way, too; but I think it's better to baste it on with Valenciennes or bombazine, or something of that sort. It gives it such an air—and attracts so much notice." (*pause.*)

"It's forty-ninth Deuteronomy, sixty-fourth to ninety-seventh, inclusive. I think we ought all to read it often." (*pause.*)

"Perhaps so; I generally use a hair-pin." (*pause.*)

"What did you say? (*aside*) Children, do be quiet!" (*pause.*)

"*Oh!* B *flat!* Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat!" (*pause.*)

"Since *when?*" (*pause.*)

"Why, *I* never heard of it." (*pause.*)

"You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!" (*pause.*)

"*Who* did?" (*pause.*)

"Goodness gracious!" (*pause.*)

"Well, what *is* this world coming to? Was it right in *church?*" (*pause.*)

"And was her *mother* there?" (*pause.*)

"Why, Mrs. Bagley, I should have died of humiliation. What did they *do?*" (*long pause.*)

"I can't be perfectly sure, because I haven't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this:—Te-rolly-loll-loll, loll, lolly-loll-loll, O, tolly-loll-loll-*lee-ly-li-i*-do! And then *repeat*, you know." (*pause.*)

"Yes, I think it *is* very sweet—and very solemn and impressive, if you get the andantino and pianissimo right." (*pause.*)

"Oh, gum-drops, gum-drops! But I never allow them to eat striped candy. And of course they *can't* till they get their teeth, anyway." (*pause.*)

"*What?*" (*pause.*)

"Oh, not in the least,—go right on. He's here writing; it doesn't bother *him.*" (*pause.*)

"Very well, I'll come if I can. (*aside*) Dear me, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she'd——" (*pause.*)

"Oh, no, not at all; I *like* to talk—but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs." (*pause.*)

"Visitors?" (*pause.*)

"No, we never use butter on them." (*pause.*)

"Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And *he* doesn't like them, anyway—especially canned." (*pause.*)

"Oh, I think that is too high for them; we have never paid over fifty cents a bunch." (*pause.*)

"Must you go. Well, *good*-by." (*pause.*)

"Yes, I think so. *Good*-by." (*pause.*)

"Four o'clock, then—I'll be ready. *Good*-by." (*pause.*)

"Thank you ever so much. *Good*-by." (*pause.*)

"Oh, not at all!—just as fresh—*Which?* Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that. *Good*-by." (*hangs up telephone and says*) "Oh, it does tire a person's arm so!"

A man delivers a single brutal "good-by," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex—I say it in their praise; they cannot abide abruptness.

BREAKING UP A SCHOOL.

R. J. BURDETTE.

It was given out in church, Sunday, that school would open on Monday morning. After the evening service the boys got together and talked it over, and decided to give the new teacher just a week. It had been thawing for a day or two, and the boys were tired of skating, and they thought they could afford to spend about a week educating themselves in how to break up a school. On that evening we were duly elected a member of the class of hard citizens, and we were to open the ball and do something bad, get the teacher to lick us, and then the boys were to jump in and help.

Monday morning the school commenced, and the teacher proved to be a sickly-looking slim sort of a fellow. Every time he looked at one of the boys there seemed to be an expression on his face as though he would say, "I hope you will be good." When he had anything to say to the scholars he said "please," and gave other evidences of being pretty soft, we all thought.

That morning the weather changed, and it froze hard, and at recess the boys got together and said we would wind up the school before noon and go out on the ice. The big boys had to carry in the wood, and lay it down quietly by the stove. We took in an armful and dropped it on the floor, so that it shook the building and loosened the stove-pipe. The pipe came out of the chimney and filled the room with smoke; but it was put back, and the slim teacher only reprimanded us, and said that it must not occur again. We just ached to go after some more wood, but there was no opportunity. Pretty soon the teacher said we might go and get a pail of water, and while at the well we decided to stumble on entering the school-room, and spill the water all over the floor, and thus give the sickly-looking teacher a chance to show what he was made of.

The teacher was near the stove, and we stumbled, and the water went all over everything, wetting his boots, and making him pretty mad. In sizing him up we had not noticed before that his eyes were as black as coals, and that he seemed to be about eight feet high; but as he looked at us we could see it very plainly. He seemed to read our thoughts, and knew

that it was done on purpose, and we have always believed he heard the boys talking it over at recess.

Anyway he jumped clear across the room, grabbed us by the neck, and sat us down in the water; then he lifted us up and shook us so our teeth rattled; then he seemed to grab us all over, and just maul us. We got a chance, once or twice, to look around to the back seats, as he was revolving us around on our own axis, to see if the other boys were coming to help us put him outdoors, but they were the most studious lot of big boys we ever saw. They had their heads down in their books, and their lips were moving in silent prayer. After the teacher had mopped the floor with us, he took us by the slack of the trousers, just as a dog would carry a duck, and went to his desk and got a big hickory ruler, and proceeded to dry our trousers. It was the meanest way to dry trousers that ever was, and while it dried them well enough, it left great ridges inside of them that made a corrugated chair almost a necessity.

The boys did not fulfill their part of the programme, and when the teacher got through drying our trousers and said: "Please return to your seat," we felt as though his politeness was a perfect sham. We looked at the boys when we went to our seat, but they never looked up. We have witnessed contested seats in the Legislature since, but never saw one that was so exciting as that one in the old white schoolhouse at the foot of the hill. The teacher never spoke during the proceedings, and when it was over he looked even paler and more sickly than when he had one hand in the hair that once grew where we

are now bald, while the other was at work in the vineyard. But none of the boys seemed to care to pitch on a sick man, and he taught that school two terms, and never had to whip another boy. That was the last school we ever broke up.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORTY LIARS.

BILL NYE.

[From "Forty Liars," by permission of Belford, Clark & Co.]

At a regular round-up of the Rocky Mountain division of the Independent Order of Forty Liars, on Saturday evening, the most noble prevaricator having directed the examination of all present to see that they were in possession of the annual password, explanations and signals, and to report to the most noble promoter of twenty-seven karat falsehoods whether all were so qualified to remain, and the report, having been satisfactory, the most noble prevaricator announced that after the report of the custodian of campaign lies for the past year and the annual statements of the division bartender and most noble beer yanker had been handed in and passed upon, the next business to come before the division would be the nominations and the election of most noble prevaricator to serve during the ensuing year.

"Under the rules of our order," said the M. N. P., "ten minutes will be given each aspirant for the

office named, in which to address the meeting. It is understood that the time shall be devoted to short anecdotes, personal reminiscences, etc., and the brethren will be given ample scope to enlarge upon any details which the subject may suggest. Our usual custom is to devote at least one hour to this highly entertaining exercise, and I call to mind now some of the most enjoyable moments of my life spent in listening to others, or constructing for the amusement of others, a few of the most entertaining and instructive falsehoods that the history of our most noble order has known.

"We have several prominent visiting members here from other parts of the country, among whom I am gratified to name Brother Eli Perkins, Brother O'Keefe, of Pike's Peak, and Brothers Morey and Barnum, from the East, who will address the meeting, perhaps, for a few minutes after other business has been disposed of."

After singing the opening ode, accompanied by the lyre, the usual order of business having been attended to, the addresses of aspirants for the office of M. N. P. of the Rocky Mountain division were called for.

The last speaker was Brother Jedediah Holcomb, who thus addressed the assemblage:

"Most noble prevaricator of the Rocky Mountain division of Forty Liars, and brethren of the order: Many years ago, when I was a mere stripling, as it were, and just upon the verge of manhood, so to speak, I was sitting on the green grass, south of Chicago, near where Drexel Boulevard comes into

South Park, thinking of my hard luck and wishing that my future might be more prosperous than my past.

"That locality was then a howling wilderness compared with what it is now, and where to-day the beautiful drives and walks are so inviting there was nothing but prairie and swamp, with here and there a scrub oak tree.

"Chicago was a stirring western city then, but she was young and small. She had not then accumulated the fabulous wealth of new and peculiar metropolitan odors which she now enjoys, and in place of the rich, fructifying fragrance of the stock yards, there was nothing but the wild honeysuckle and the dead horse.

"Out where some of the most beautiful residences now stand there was nothing then but the dank thistle nodding in the wind, or the timid pic-nic bumble bee, hanging on the autumn bough and yearning to be gathered in by the small boy.

"As I sat there long ago, and, shrouded in the September haze, was dreaming of a fortunate future for myself, I heard the muffled tread of innumerable feet drawing nearer and nearer. The sound was like the footfall of a regiment of infantry approaching, and I arose to see what it was.

"I had not long to wait, for soon there hove in sight a very singular spectacle. First came a large Illinois hog at the head of a long column of Illinois hogs, all marching in Indian fashion, and grunting with that placid, gentle grunt which the hog carries with him. On closer examination into this singular

phenomenon, I saw that all the hogs, except the leader, were blind, each animal having his predecessor's tail in his mouth throughout the long line, consisting of 13,521 unfortunate, sightless hogs, cheerfully following their leader toward water.

"I was never so struck with the wonderful instinct of the brute creation in my life, and my eyes filled with tears when I saw the child-like faith and confidence of each blind animal following with the implicit trust the more fortunate guide.

"Soon, however, a great dazzling three-cornered idea worked its way into my intellect. Dashing away my idle tears, I drew my revolver and shot off the leader's tail, leaving the long line of disconcerted and aimless hogs in the middle of a broad prairie, with no guide but the dephlogisticated tail of a hog who was then three-quarters of a mile away.

"Then I stole up, and taking the tail in my hand, I led the trusting phalanx down to the stock yards, and sold the outfit at eight cents per pound, live weight.

"This was the start of my dazzling career as a capitalist; a career to which I now point with pride. Thus from a poor boy with one suspender and a sore toe, I have risen to be one of our leading business men, known and respected by all, and by industry and economy, and borrowing my chewing tobacco, I have come to be one of our solid men."

When Brother Holcomb ceased to speak, there was a painful silence of perhaps five moments, and then Brother Woodtick Williams moved that the rules be suspended, and Brother Holcomb declared

the unanimous choice of the order for the Most Noble Prevaricator, to serve for the next year.

Passed.

Then the quartette sang the closing ode, and each member, after hanging up his regalia in the anteroom, walked thoughtfully home in the crisp winter starlight.

FIFINE.

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Jacques was an organ-grinder. He had a square box filled with cast-off gas-pipes. When he twisted the crank the air rushed into the pipes, and the music came out at the other end.

Fifine loved to hear Jacques play, and he liked to play for her. Jacques loved Fifine, and treasured all the *sous* she gave him. Fifine did not love Jacques, and they both knew it.

"*Bon jour*, Jacques," said Fifine.

"*Bon jour*, Fifine," said Jacques.

This conversation took place just after the 12th of July.

CHAPTER II.

Fifine's father was a bourgeois. Jacques' was a long primer. Jacques dared not tell of his noble birth, lest the hatred entertained for the Bourbons should result in his death. For this reason he played

the hand-organ. Playing the organ brought him near Fifine.

"What are you doing, Fifine?" asked Jacques one morning as he was twisting "Nancy Lee" out of his hand-organ.

"Washing windows," said Fifine. "I wish I had the North Pole to reach that top one."

Jacques picked up a rock and smashed his hand-organ.

"What have you done, Jacques?" asked Fifine.

"Nothing," said Jacques.

Then he walked off.

CHAPTER III.

Jacques walked to the North Cape, and jumped into the Arctic Ocean. In four hours he swam to the pack ice around Spitzbergen. He climbed up on the ice and walked to the eighty-seventh degree of north latitude. A polar bear attacked him. When the bear opened his mouth Jacques crept in.

"This is warm," said Jacques.

"That's cool," said the bear.

The bear started north and plunged into the open sea around the pole. It is claimed by some scientists that there is no open sea there. The bear knew better.

Jacques looked out of the bear's mouth and saw he was in a whirlpool. He glanced at his compass and saw that the needle pointed to the centre of the pool.

"The north pole is there," said Jacques.

CHAPTER IV.

Gervais was a map peddler. He loved Fifine, and often presented her with maps of Australia. Gervais loved Fifine, but she did not care for him. She used his maps to stop up rat-holes.

"*Bon soir*, Fifine," said Gervais.

"*Bon soir*, Gervais," said Fifine.

This was while the Bourbons were plotting to overthrow the revolution. Danton was dead. Robespierre had unclinched his bloody hand from the throat of the people, and the coming carnage of March already sent its throbs through the arteries of Paris.

"What are you doing, Fifine?" asked Gervais.

"Washing windows," said Fifine. "I wish I had the South Pole to reach the top one."

Gervais threw his maps into the sewer and left. In six hours he had reached the Antarctic continent.

CHAPTER V.

A seal attacked Gervais. He sprang into the seal and settled himself comfortably.

"This is fun," said Gervais.

"That's business," said the seal.

The seal waddled over the ice, and in an hour had reached the open polar sea. Gervais looked through the seal's eye, and saw he was in a whirlpool, toward the centre of which the needle of his compass always pointed.

"The pole is in there," said Gervais; "I shall marry Fifine."

CHAPTER VI.

The rings of the whirlpool brought Jacques and Gervais to the centre at the same moment. Jacques was at the North Pole and Gervais at the South. Both pulled at the same time. Neither pole would stir. It was a continuous stick, and neither could succeed until the other let go. They stopped pulling and spit on their hands, and then pulled again. The excitement was terrific. They were twenty-two thousand miles apart, and neither knew of the other. Each was brave and determined, but it was no use.

"Come out," said Jacques, tugging away.

"Come up," said Gervais.

Both poles stuck fast.

CHAPTER VII.

"How goes it, Fifine?" said Francois.

"First-rate," said Fifine. "I don't wash windows any more. We keep a girl."

Fifine loved Francois. He had been a cardinal, but had retired from the business.

"Let us get married, Fifine," said Francois.

"Good enough," said Fifine. "Wait till I get my hat."

She came out and saw Gervais and Jacques standing at the gate. Each had a long pole on his shoulder, broken in the middle.

"Here is the North Pole, Fifine," said Jacques.

"This is the South Pole, Fifine," said Gervais.

"Come, Fifine," said Francois.

"You can take the poles back, Messieurs. I don't

wash windows since we got a girl. Excuse me, I am going to marry Francois."

CHAPTER VIII.

Francois and Fifine came back married. In front of the house they saw two poles standing upright. Jacques was at the top of one and Gervais on top of the other.

"Good-by, Fifine!" said Gervais.

"*Dieu vous garde*, Fifine," said Jacques.

Then they fell off their poles on top of Francois and smashed him like a walnut.

"Great Scott!" said Fifine. "I don't believe any of them are good for much now, but the poles may be worth something."

Fifine laughed, and went into the house.

SMALL, SWEET COURTESIES OF LIFE.

ANONYMOUS.

Some gems there are most beautiful,
  Most rich and pleasant to behold;
They are not rubies, diamonds, pearls,
  Nor corals yet, and yet not gold;
They fling a sunshine round the hearth,
  They soothe like balm each troubled strife,
They gild with joy our homes—they are
  "The small, sweet courtèsies of life."

Our earth would be a lonely place,
  A sad abode without these gems;
More precious to the heart are they
  Than glittering gold and diadems;

Without their rays, divine and pure,
  Our path with bitterness is rife;
Earth would be drear and dark without
  "The small, sweet courtesies of life."

Rich boons are they to mortals given,
  Bright blossoms on our pathway laid;
Sweet flowers whose fragrance will not die,
  Whose glorious lustre will not fade.
They are the pride of old and young,
  Of brother, sister, husband, wife,
The father's boast, the mother's joy—
  "The small, sweet courtesies of life."

If thou would'st have a happy home,
  A cheerful house, a hearthstone bright,
Keep the rich jewels in thy heart,
  Day after day, night after night.
If thou would'st banish from thy door
  All bitterness and gloom and strife,
I charge thee to remember well
  "The small, sweet courtesies of life."

THE CAT-ASTROPHE.

ANONYMOUS.

There was a man named Ferguson,
  He lived on Market street;
He had a speckled Thomas cat
  That couldn't well be beat;
He'd catch more rats and mice and sich
  Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
  And climb upon a cheer,
And there he'd sit and lick hisself,
  And purr so awful queer,
That Ferguson would yell at him—
  But still he'd purr-severe.

And then he'd climb the moonlit fence,
  And loaf around and yowl,
And split and claw another cat
  Alongside of the jowl,
And then they both would shake their tails,
  And jump around and howl.

Oh, this here cat of Ferguson's
  Was fearful then to see,
He'd yell precisely like he was
  In awful agony.
You'd think a first-class stomach-ache
  Had struck a small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,
  Waked by that horrid din,
Would rise right up and search their babes,
  To find some worrying pin;
And still this vigorous cat would keep
  A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Ferguson,
  'Twas more than he could bear,
And so he hurled his boot-jack out

Right through the midnight air.
But this vociferous Thomas cat,
Not one cent did he care.

For still he yowled and kept his fur
A standin' up on end,
And his old spine a doublin' up
As far as it would bend,
As if his hopes of happiness
Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of his spine,
And waiting to attack
A cat upon another fence,
There came an awful crack,
And this here speckled Thomas cat
Got busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day,
There lay his old feline,
And not a life was left of him,
Although he had had nine.
"All this has come," said Ferguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine."

Now all ye men whose tender hearts
This painful tale does rack,
Just take this moral to yourselves,
All of you, white and black;
Don't ever go, like this here cat,
To gettin' up your back.

BROTHER GARDNER AND JUDGE CADAVER.

M. QUAD.

"Am Judge Cadaver in de hall to-night?" softly queried Brother Gardner, as he looked down the aisle towards the stool on which the fat and juicy judge was unanimously reposing.

"If de Judge am in de hall he will please step dis way," continued the president, after a moment of deep silence.

The judge arose and meandered forward, energetically chewing at a piece of slippery elm to hide his agitation.

"Brudder Cadaver, I have a few words to say to you to-night," said the president as he looked down upon his shiny baldness. "De odder day I happened to pass a policy shop, an' I saw you gwine in. Dat same evenin' as I was gwine past a saloon, I saw you standin' at de bar wid a glass of whiskey in your han'. I kin also recall de fack dat I hev not seen you at work for de las' month."

"I hasn't bin feelin' strictly well," pleaded the judge.

"You war well 'nuff to play policy."

"I—I—didn't put up but ten cents."

"And what about de whiskey-drinkin'?"

"I was feelin' powerful weak, sah."

"Too thin—too thin," replied the president as he shook his head. "Now, den, I want to spoke to you. In some respects you am a good man. I doan't believe you would steal, I hev neber cotched you lyin',

and I reckon you am a good man at home. Now, if somebody told you dar was a gold ring in de bottom of de ribber somewhar', would you pay ten cents a chance to fish fur it?"

"No, sah."

"Sartin, you wouldn't. Policy am a long, wide, deep ribber. De gold ring at de bottom am a $5 prize which some poo' critter fishes out arter payin' ten or fifteen dollars fur de chance. You wouldn't frow money into Lake Erie an' 'spect to git it back, but you'll frow money into de pond of policy an' 'spect to git out ten times as much money as you tossed in. Drap it—drap it, Brudder Cadaver, before you lose de title of Judge an' get dat of Fool."

"Yes, sah; I'll drap it to once."

"An' you drank whiskey. De man who goes into a saloon am no better dan de man who keeps it. If I should ax you to put your foot ag'in a hot stove you would think me crazy. An' yet, when you burn your stomach, befuddle your brain an' make a brute of yourself, and hev to pay fur de privilege besides, what shall I think of you? God made de idiot, but it was left to whiskey to make de fool."

"I'll nebber tech de stuff ag'in, sah—nebber."

"An' you hev bin loafin' aroun'. Brudder Cadaver, all wickedness begins wid laziness. A loafer am as much despised as a drunkard. When laziness comes home pride goes away to visit de nayburs. Whiskey may break a woman's heart, but laziness will freeze her to death. When you go home to-night spit on yer hands an' ax de boys to grease yer butes. When you turn outer bed in the mawnin', freeze hold

ob de ax or spade or brush, an' hunt fur a job. Dissolve partnership wid laziness, cut de acquaintance of whiskey, an' de next time you am tempted to play policy come ober to my cabin an' ax me to kick you all aroun' de doahyard. You kin now sot down."

"HOSSES IS HOSSES."

BRET HARTE.

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the country,—
Is thar, old gal? Chiquita, my darling, my beauty!
Feel of that neck, sir—thar's velvet! Whoa! Steady—ah, will you? you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her;
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do—quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do when she's got her work cut out before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys;
And 'taint every man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

Know that old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevy
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us.

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnakes Creek just a bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks just loosed from the top of the canon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, an' a driftin', to thunder!

Would you b'lieve it, that night, that hoss—that ar' filly—Chiquita—
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there all quiet and dripping!
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle or harness,
Just as she swam the Ford—that hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—what did you say?—O, the nevy?
Drowned, I reckon—leastwise he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see the derned fool had no seat—you couldn't have made him a rider;
And then, we know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well, hosses is hosses!

DEATH OF THE WIFE.

ANONYMOUS.

She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavy-laden breath, but as the sun sunk to rest in the far off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, awoke and called feebly to her aged partner, who was sitting motionless by the bed-side. He bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly; "it is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried; "are they all in?"

Poor old man! How could he answer her? The children had slept for years in the old churchyard.

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them, Jane. Think of yourself. Does the way seem dark?"

"My trust is in Thee. Let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?"

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light."

"I'd rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone by sight."

"John, where's little Charley?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charley's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his lips to them and cried; they had encouraged and strengthened him in every trial of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a deathbed together—closed eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promise. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the yellow-haired grand-daughter left them to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling

with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with strong, resolute hand, of wedding feasts and deathbed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the Bridegroom's voice, and the old man, bending over her, cried pitifully, and the grand-daughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the names of her children, one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality.

They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:

> "Oh, may I in His courts be seen,
> Like a young cedar, fresh and green."

But the strange transformations that were there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age and pain and weariness were smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and then said softly:

"You have found heaven first, Janet, but you'll

come for me soon. It's our first parting in more than seventy years, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The Winter snow has not fallen, and there is another grave, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

OUR OWN.

ANONYMOUS.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when I went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain.
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.

ANONYMOUS.

My Dear Miss Milinda:—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trousers. As a gosling swimmeth in a mud-puddle, so I swim in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hairs of a blacking-brush, and brighter than the eyes of a humming-bird, visit me in my slumbers, and your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle.

When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like the cellar doors of a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your

voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot lemonade.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my bootstraps to the top of the church-steeple, and pull the bell-rope for singing-school. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron-colored couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple-tree by the spring-house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig arises from his bed and grunteth, and goeth for his refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noontide, and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee; and, like a piece of gum-elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse, powdered with gold, and the graceful manner in which you catch your train on the fly fills me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat.

Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids bathing, like a cohort of red ants in a piece of old cheese. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy, as a load of bird-shot through a rotten apple. Your nose is like a chunk of Parian marbel, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips, like honey on a bear's

paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the wild harp's strain, or the bleat of a lost Nanny-goat. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty housewives pour out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I hear the June-bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of oleomargarine, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As a song-bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers for new milk, so long I for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses. If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a black-bird on a cherry-tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and in coming years when the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, then may you, happy in another's love, come and drop a tear, and catch a cold on the last resting-place of

Yours affectionately,

OSCAR.

THE ACRES AND THE HANDS.

DUGANNE.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,"
Says God's most holy word;
The water hath fish, and the land hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er the earth,
And the earth hath numberless lands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
While millions of acres want hands.

Sunlight and breeze, and gladsome flowers,
Are o'er the earth spread wide;
And the good God gave these gifts to men—
To men who on earth abide.
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
And shackled with iron bands;
While millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Never a rod hath the poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn—
And never a plant where his child may cull
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn.
The soil lies fallow, the woods grow rank;
Yet idle the poor man stands!
Ah! millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

'Tis writ "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox
That treadeth out the corn!"
Yet, behold! ye shackle the poor man's limbs
That have all earth's burdens borne.
The land is the gift of a bounteous God,
And to labor his word commands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Who hath ordained that the few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold?
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
While profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands,
When millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands?

'Tis a glaring lie on the face of the day—
This robbery of men's rights!
'Tis a lie that the word of the Lord disowns,
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 'twill burn and blight till the people rise,
And swear, while they burst their bands,
That the hands shall henceforth have acres,
And the acres henceforth have hands.

IF.

ANONYMOUS.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefield and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than a song and story;
If men, instead of nursing Pride,
Would learn to hate and to abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human souls would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone for Truth alone,
The world would be better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;

If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strive together and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be better for it.

ESTRAY.

M. QUAD.

No one could say who owned that mule. Small boys had pelted him with liberal hand, and the police had made glorious but unsuccessful efforts to insnare his wayward steps, and turn him over to the pound-master.

A gray mule, well put together for an animal of the kind. The rotundity of form which distinguishes the well-fed mule was lacking. A bite of grass here and there, an occasional thistle head, a nibble at a passing load of hay, may blunt the edge of hunger, but will not produce plumpness nor good nature. He had wandered from home, this mule—started out with a desire, perhaps, of visiting strange towns, meeting with strange adventures, and of seeing the world. His owner had been left one mule less, and mayhap he had searched long and diligently, and been patient and hopeful, trusting that the wheel of time would turn, and return the mourned estray.

Down the street—around the corner—the gaslight playing for a moment on his faded coat—and the mule crowded close to the fence, and peered over with hungry eyes at the juicy green grass.

In the parlor sat the lovers. She was beautiful—

he was worth 500 shares of Lake Shore stock, and was interested in a bridge contract where there was a chance for a splendid grab. He loved and he trusted that she reciprocated. He had come prepared to announce his love, and she blushed as she read the fact in his eyes.

"My dear Isabella," he commenced, as he tenderly pressed her soft fingers, "I think you——"

"Gee haw! Gee haw!" roared the wayward mule, rendered melancholy by the sight of the bountiful supper just beyond his nose.

The fair Isabella sprang up in alarm, and it was several minutes before the young man with Lake Shore stock could quiet her.

"It is nothing but a mule," he exclaimed, as he looked from the open window; and he scowled darkly at the wanderer, and made threatening gestures.

She sat down again, and the painful silence was at length broken by his grasping her hand, and saying:

"I have to-day been analyzing my feelings toward you, and find that——"

"O-h, hoo-haw, gee-haw—gee-haw!" announced the homeless, houseless mule, as he caught scent of the roses and tulips from the lawn. He saw things as a mule sees them—he hungered as mules hunger.

"It's that beast again!" whispered Lake Shore stock, as the fair Isabella uttered a little shriek of alarm.

He went to the window and ordered the gray-

haired outcast to move on—to leave that locality without any unnecessary delay, and secure standing room on the common.

They sat down again. He had something of interest to communicate, and she had a curiosity to know what it was. Minutes ticked away before he looked into her lustrous eyes again. He thought he saw the light of love shining brightly, and he stole his arm along the sofa and said:

"You must have seen—you must know, that I——"

"O-h-h! gee-gee-ah-ha! ah-ha!" came a voice from beneath the window. It was not the voice of a drifting sailor, going down to a dark, deep grave, after a gallant struggle for life. It was not the voice of a lost child crying out as it stumbled through the darkness, longing for the strong arms of a father to enfold it. It was the voice of a gray mule, quavering strangely as hunger brought up recollections of corn cribs and timothy hay.

A smile flitted across her face. The human soul is so constructed that one may smile at a victorious, exultant champion, or at a downcast, discouraged mule.

Lake Shore approached the window again, and as he brandished his fist in the air, he warned the intruder to dissolve in the distance, under penalty of being found dead with a severed jugular.

When a rubber ball is flattened it will spring back to its original shape as soon as the pressure is removed. When a lover's declaration has been thrice broken in upon, his thoughts are slow in gather-

ing. They sat there and gazed at the opposite wall as if waiting for a railroad train, but she finally glanced up coyly and lovingly and whispered:

"You were about to say something!"

"I was," he whispered in return, reaching out for her hand. "The public have acknowledged me as your—your favored suitor for months past, and this fact has emboldened me to——"

"Hip-hup-haw-gee-haw-ah!" came a voice on the night breeze—a voice which halted and gasped and hesitated as if the owner had risen from beside the grave of a loved, lost friend. It was not the voice of a troubadour, warbling words of anguish set in rhyme. It was not the voice of a lone night bird calling for its lost mate. It was the voice of that same mule calling to the lilac bushes to come a little nearer—to come and get a bite.

"Is that an odious cow?" she softly inquired.

"No; it's a blasted mule!" he exclaimed.

"Such language, sir!" she said as she rose up.

"Such a mule, madam!" he replied, pointing to the window. "I'll kill the man—the mule—that has dared to come between us," he shouted, and out he rushed from the mansion.

He pelted that age-worn mule with lawn ornaments; he pelted him with a picket torn from the fence; he pursued his retreating form, and battered it with stones picked from the street or found along the curbstone.

Halting under a lone tree on the dreary common, gazing through the deep shadows of night to discover why pursuit was at last abandoned, the gray mule

seemed to realize that even as a mule, it was safe to have an accident insurance ticket in his pocket, and he sighed and gasped and tremulously soliloquized:

"*Gee—haw—gee-ah—r-r-raw—gee-haw!*"

And the shadow grew deeper, the night breeze sighed with renewed loneliness, the stars nestled behind the clouds to sleep, and he felt that he was a mule beloved by no one.

THE DEAD WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

ANONYMOUS.

In a lumbering attic room,
  Where, for want of light and air,
Years had died within the gloom,
  Leaving dead dust everywhere—
    Everywhere—
Hung the portrait of a lady
    With a face *so* fair.

Time had long since dulled the paint—
  Time—which all our arts disguise;
And the features now were faint—
  All except the wondrous eyes—
    Wondrous eyes,
Ever looking, looking, looking,
    With a sad surprise.

As man loveth, man had loved
  Her whose features faded there;
As man mourneth, man had mourned—

Weeping, in his dark despair,
Bitter tears,
When she left him broken-hearted,
To his death of years.

Then, for months, the picture bent
All its eyes upon his face—
Following him where'er he went—
Till another filled the place
In its stead—
Till the features of the living
Did outface the dead.

There, for years, it hung above,
In that attic dim and ghast,
Fading with the fading love—
Sad reminder of the past—
Save the eyes,
Ever looking—ever looking
With such sad surprise.

Oft, the distant laughter's sound
Entered through the cobwebbed door;
And the cry of children found
Dusty echoes from the floor
To those eyes—
Ever looking—ever looking
With such sad surprise.

Once, there moved upon the stair
Olden love steps mounting low;
But the face that met him there

Drove him to the depths below;
For those eyes
Through his soul seemed looking—looking
All their sad surprise.

From that day the door was nailed
Of that memory-haunted room;
And the portrait hung, and paled
On the dead dust and the gloom—
Save the eyes,
Ever looking—ever looking
With such sad surprise.

SPOOPENDYKE OPENING OYSTERS.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"My dear," queried Mr. Spoopendyke, "did you put those oysters on the cellar floor with the round shells down, as I told you to?"

"I did most of 'em," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Some of 'em wouldn't stay that way. They turned right over."

"Must have been extraordinary intelligent oysters," murmured Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing her with suspicion. "Didn't any of 'em stand up on end and ask for the morning paper, did they?"

"You know what I mean," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They tipped over sideways, and so I laid them on the flat shell."

"That's right," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You

want to give an oyster his own way, or you'll hurt his feelings. Suppose you bring up some of those gifted oysters and an oyster-knife, and we'll eat 'em.

Mrs. Spoopendyke hurried away and pattered back with the feast duly set out on a tea-waiter, which she placed before Mr. Spoopendyke with a flourish.

"Now," said she, drawing up her sewing-chair, and resting her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands; "when you get all you want you may open me some."

Mr. Spoopendyke whirled the knife around his head and brought it down with a sharp crack. Then he clipped away at the end a moment, and jabbed at what he supposed was the opening. The knife slipped and ploughed the bark off his thumb.

"Won't come open, won't ye!" he shouted, fetch-it another lick, and jabbing away again. "Haven't completed your census of who's out here working at ye, have ye?" and he brought it another whack. "P'rhaps ye think I haven't fully made up my mind to inquire within, don't ye?" and he rammed the point of the knife at it, knocking the skin off his knuckles.

"That isn't the way to open an oyster," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Look here," roared Mr. Spoopendyke, turning fiercely on his wife. "Have you got any private understanding with this oyster? Has the oyster confided in you the particular way in which he wants to be opened?"

"No-o!" stammered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Only I thought——"

"This is no time for thought!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke, banging away at the edge of the shell. "This is the moment for battle, and if I've happened to catch this oyster during office hours, he's going to enter into relations with the undersigned. Come out, will ye?" he yelled, as the knife flew up his sleeve. "Maybe ye don't recognize the voice of Spoopendyke! Come out, ye measly coward, before ye make an enemy of me for life!" and he belted away at the shell with the handle of the knife, and spattered mud like a dredging machine.

"Let me get you a hammer to crack him with," recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke, hovering over her husband in great perturbation.

"Don't want any hammer," howled Mr. Spoopendyke, slamming around with his knife. "S'pose I'm going to use brute force on a measly fish that I could swallow alive if I could only get him out of his house? Open your measly premises!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke, stabbing at the oyster vindictively, and slicing his shirt sleeve clear to the elbow. "Come forth and enjoy the society of Spoopendyke!" and the worthy gentleman foamed at the mouth, and he sunk back in his chair and contemplated his stubborn foe with glaring eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, radiant with a profound idea. "Crack him in the door!"

"That's the scheme!" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, with horrible contortions of visage. "Fetch me the

door. Set that door right before me on a plate. This oyster is going to stay here. If you think this oyster is going to enjoy any change of climate until he strikes the tropics of Spoopendyke, you don't know the domestic habits of shell-fish. Loose your hold!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, returning to the charge, and fetching the bivalve a prodigious whack. "Come into the outer world, where all is gay and beautiful. Come out and let me introduce you to my wife;" and Mr. Spoopendyke laid the oyster on the arm of his chair, and slugged him remorselessly.

"Wait!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "here's one with his mouth open!" and she pointed cautiously at a gaping oyster who had evidently taken down the shutters to see what the row was about.

"Don't care a measly nickle with a hole in it!" protested Mr. Spoopendyke, thoroughly impatient. "Here's one that's going to open his mouth, or the resurrection will find him still wrestling with the ostensible head of this family. Ow!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, having rammed the knife into the palm of his hand, slammed the oyster against the chimney-piece, where it was shattered, and danced around the room wriggling with wrath and agony.

"Never mind the oysters, dear," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, following him around and trying to disengage his wounded hand from his armpit.

"Who's minding 'em?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, standing on one leg and bending up double. "I tell ye that when I start to inflict discipline on a narrow-minded oyster that won't either accept an invitation or send regrets, he's going to mind me! Where's

the oyster? Show me the oyster! Arraign the oyster!"

"Upon my word, you've opened him!" giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, picking up the smashed bivalve between the tips of her thumb and fore-finger.

"Won't have him!" sniffed Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the broken shell and firing his defeated enemy into the grate. "If I can't go in the front door of an oyster, I'm not going down the scuttle! That all comes of laying 'em on the flat shell," he continued, suddenly recollecting that his wife was to blame for the whole business. "Now you take the rest of 'em down and lay 'em as I told you to."

"Yes, dear."

"And another time you want any oysters you sit around in the cellar, and when they open their mouths you put sticks in. You hear?"

"Yes, dear."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke took the bivalves back, resolving that the next time they were in demand they would crawl out of their shells and walk up-stairs arm-in-arm, before she would have any hand in the mutilation of her poor dear suffering husband by bringing them up herself.

SAM'S LETTER.

ANONYMOUS.

I wonder who the d-d-dickenth w-wote me this letter. I thuppose the b-best way to f-find out ith to open it and thee. (*opens letter*) Thome lun-lunatic hath w-witten me this letter. He hath w-witten it

upthide down. I wonder if he th-thought I wath going to w-wead it thanding on my head. Oh, yeth, I thee; I had it t-t-turned upthide down. "Amewica." Who the d-dickenth do I know in Amewica? I am glad he hath g-given me hith addwess anyhow. Oh, yeth, I thee, it ith from Tham. I alwayth know Tham's handwiting when I thee hith name at the b-bottom of it. Tham alwayths wath an aths; but you'd like him. "My dear bwother—" Tham alwaths called me bwother. I-I thuppose iths because hith m-mother and my mother wath the thame woman, and we never had any thisters. When we were boyths we were ladths together. They used to ge-get off a pwoverb when they thaw uth com-coming down the stweet. It ith vewy good, if I could only think of it. I can never wecollect anything that I can't we-wemember. Iths—it iths the early bir-bird—iths the early bir-bird that knowths iths own father. What non-nonthenths that iths! How co-could a bir-bird know iths cwn father? Iths a withe—iths a withe child—iths a withe child that geths the wom. T-that's not wite. What non-nonthenths that iths! No pa-pawent would allow hiths child to ga-gather woms. Iths a wyme. Iths fish of-of a feather. Fish of a fea—What non-nonthenths! for fish don't have feathers. Iths a bir-bird—iths b-birds of a feather—b-birds of a—of feather flock together. B-birds of a feather! Just as if a who-who-whole flock of b-birds had only one f-feather. They'd all catch cold, and only one b-bird c-could have that f-feather, and he'd fly sidewithse. What con-confounded nonthenths that iths! Flock to-

together! Of courthse th-they'd flock together. Who ever her-heard of a bird being such a thupid f-fool as to g-go into a c-corner and flo-flock by himself? "I wo-wote you a letter thome time ago—" Thath's a lie; he d-didn't wi-wite me a letter. If he had witten me a letter he would have posted it, and I would have g-got it; so, of course, he didn't post it, and then he didn't wite it. Thath's easy. Oh, yeths, I thee: "but I dwopped it into the potht-potht-offlce forgetting to diwect it." Tham alwayths waths an aths. I wonder who the d-dic-dickens got that letter. I wonder if the poth-pothman iths go-in' awound inquiring for a f-fellow without a name. I wonder if there iths a f-fellow without any name. If there iths any fel-fellow without any name, how the d dickenth doeths he know who he iths himthelf? I—I wonder if thuch a fellow could get mawaid. How could he ask hiths wife to take hiths name if he h-had no name? Thath's one of thothse things no fellow can f-find out. "I have just made a startling dithcovery." Tham's alwayths d-doing thomthing. "I have dithcovered that my mother iths—that m-my mother ith not my m-mother; that a—the old nurse iths my m-mother, aud that you are not my b-bwother, and a—tha-that I was changed at my birth." How c-can a fellow be changed at hith b-birth? If he iths not himthelf, who the d-dick-enth iths he? If Tham's m-mother ith not hith m-mother, and the nurthse iths hith mother, and Tham ithn't my bwother, who the d-dickenth am I? That's one of thothse things that no fel-follow can find out.

"I have p-purchased an ethstate som-some-

where—" Dothn't the id-idiot know wh-where h-he has bought it? Oh, yeths: "on the b-bankths of the M-M-Mithithippi." Wh-who the d-dickenth iths M-Mithithippi? I g-gueths ith's Tham's m-mother-in-l-law. Tham's got mawaid. He th-thayths he felt v-vewy ner-nervous. Any fel-fellow feels nervous when h-he knows he iths go-going to make an aths of himthelf. Tham's got a mother-in-law. He alwayths waths a lucky fellow getting th-things he didn't want, and hadn't any use for. Thpeaking of mother-in-lawths, I had a fwiend who had a mother-in-law, and he didn't like her pwetty well; and she f-felt the thame way towards him; and they went away on a st-steamer acwoths the ocean, and they got wecked, catht away on a waft, and they floated awound with their feet in the water and other amuthements, living on thuch things ath they could pick up—thardinths, ithcweam, owanges, and other c-canned goodths that were floating awound. When that waths all gone, everybody ate everybody else. F-finally only himthelf and hiths m-mother-in-law waths left, and they pl-played a game of c-cards to thee who thould be eaten up—himthelf or hiths mother-in-law. A-a—the mother-in-law lotht. H-he treated her handthomly, only he strapped h-her flat on her back, and c-carved her gently. H-h-he thays that waths the f-first time that he ever weally enjoyed a m-mother-in-law.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

M. QUAD.

"What I was gwine to remark," said Brother Gardner, as the siege opened, "was to de effeck dat Killwilliam Smith, ginerally known as de 'Demosthenes of the South,' am now waitin' in de aunty-room for an invitashun to deliver his orashun on 'The Great Men of de Past.' He has come heah from Lynchburg, Va., fur dis speshul purpose, payin' his own fa'r part of de way, an' walkin' de rest of de way on de railroad ties, an' if dar am no dejeckshuns we will bring him in."

"Did I understan' de cha'r to say if deir was no dejeckshuns?" asked the Rev. Penstock, as he suddenly popped up.

"You did, sah!"

"Dejeckshuns—ah. Didn't de cha'r mean to say if deir was no——"

"Brudder Penstock," interrupted the President, "when dis cha'r says dejeckshuns he doan' mean infleckshuns, direckshuns or defleckshuns. De las' time you interrupted the purceedin's of dis meetin', you war tole dat de nex' display of capfulness on your part would dissult in a fine. Painful as it am to me, an' as much as I feel fur your wife an' chil'en, I shall repose a fine on you of $400 an' costs. De costs, as near as I can figger, will be about $600. You will consider yourself impended from membership until de fine am paid."

The Rev. sank down on his chair, his eyes rolled,

his breathing was labored, and he suddenly fainted away, and dragged Napoleon Shrewsbury with him to the floor. During the excitement eight or ten persons received the contents of the water-pail. Melon rinds flew about in a perfect shower, and a cantelope, which struck Ten Thousand Collins between the shoulders, broke open and extinguished three lamps, and knocked down the grub-hoe with which Washington crossed the Delaware. Brother Penstock finally revived and bound a wet towel around his head, and Colonel Hi Smith arose to make a statement. He was intimately acquainted with the pecuniary resources of Brother Penstock. His earnings the past year were exactly $483.29. His expenditures were exactly $483.25. The balance on hand was therefore only four cents. This year the balance would be closer still, and even in the best year to come there was no hope of a great increase. Giving four cents as the average yearly balance, and it would take Brother Penstock about 250,000 years to pay his fine and secure his restoration to membership. The speaker hoped that mercy would prevail and the fine be withdrawn. After a brief consultation with Sir Isaac Walpole and Waydown Bebee the President arose and announced that he would remit the fine and costs, and that the member's narrow escape from being killed stone dead would be a great moral warning to him throughout the rest of his days.

The Committee on Reception then donned their red neckties, and escorted the great orator into the hall. He was given a general introduction from the

platform, a glass of water and a lemon placed at his left hand, and after clearing his throat and adjusting his necktie, he began:

"Whar am Cicero? In de y'ars gone by de world cheered at his name. When he recommended any maker's liver pills dem pills war considered boss. When he acted as judge at a hoss race no man dared appeal. When he entered a street kyar everybody hitched along. When he rode out in his keeridge butcher carts turned pale and took a back street. De newspapers glorified him, de public applauded him, an' banks fairly ached to cash his checks. But whar am he to-day? His sweet songs am silent, his dog has quit barking, and eben his name am forgotten except by de few interested in faro an' de string game. (*cheers by* Elder Toots.)

"Whar am Plato? Ask 'em at de toll-gate an' dey can't tell you. Ask 'em at de depots, an' a shake of de head will tell de sad story. Gone! Gone! When he crossed de Rubicon de world thundered with applause. (*applause from* Samuel Shin) When he crossed de Alps nations trembled. (*cheers from the back end of the hall*) When he wrote 'Paradise Lost' de world wept. (*suppressed applause from* Casseway Bottomlands) But he am passed away. De blight an' de mildew struck him, an' he faded, an' only now and den, as you see a game of dominoes, do you h'ar his memory referred to. (*prolonged cheers.*)

"But I did not come yere to take up de time ob dis meetin'. (*applause*) I simply desired to present you wid a few gems from my oratorical album, an' to say to you dat yereafter I kin be found at 2,657

Croghan street, dis city, whar I shall be ready at all times to cuah corns, bunyons, cracked heels an' so' toes, an' deliber my full lectur' at de low price of twenty-five cents a head—chil'en free." (*cheers and applause and a fall of eleven joints of stove-pipe.*)

When quiet had been restored the Secretary read a communication from Happy John Franks of Vermillion, Marshall county, Kas., stating that a one-eyed, straw-paper colored man, giving his name as Pickles Smith, had been in that vicinity for the last two weeks collecting money for the erection of a colored church in Michigan. He had credentials, but hesitated and exhibited guilt when asked how many of the bald-headed members of the club wore buckskin plasters on top of their heads in fly time.

The Secretary was instructed to reply that the real Pickles Smith had not been outside of Detroit for a year, and to ask the people of Kansas to receive the base impostor in the way he deserves.

NOW.

ANONYMOUS.

When I am lying pale and dead,
Come not, dear friends, around my bed,
And pour your loss in deafened ears,
And wash my heedless face with tears.
What thrill of hope or tenderness
Will beat beneath my burial dress?
What look of gratitude arise,
And lift the lid of sightless eyes?

What loving voice escape those lips,
From which no speech or language slips?
Alas! I cannot rouse and say:
"If ye lament me I will stay."
Speak while I hear, and while I long
To feel your love is true and strong,
While peace can soothe my troubled brow,
Wait not to miss me; hold me now!

Set not your kisses on my cheek,
Nor on my mouth, too cold to speak;
In life I longed to feel their breath
But what are kisses worth to Death?
Like blossoms dropped on ice and snow,
Like songs when howling tempests blow,
A wasted gift, a vain caress,
That might have been a power to bless,
That might a life with joy endow;
Oh! if you kiss me, kiss me now.

Remember not when I am gone,
The deeds I did or would have done;
How much I loved, how vainly strove
To find an answer in your love;
Say not with tears, and cries and prayers,
"Would that we showed her tender cares,
Had patience with the faults we knew,
Clung to the heart so warm and true,
That now we weep with hopeless pain,
And know will never come again."
Ah! breathe not then the useless vow,
But if you love me, love me now.

Nor standing round my wintry grave,
Too late to serve me or to save,
Fling on it all you have to give;
"At last her follies we forgive!"
No! if within your hearts there be
A kind but slumbering thought of me,
A memory of the vanished past,
A hope of peace and love at last,
A speechless prayer, a silent sense,
That sometimes speaks in my defence;
That says: "Our life is not too long,
And we, perhaps, were sometimes wrong;"
Ah! listen to that pleading voice,
And bid a living heart rejoice.
If late remorse or grief allow
Forgiveness then, forgive me now.

THE IDIOT BOY.

ANONYMOUS.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind.
Yet, to the poor unreas'ning boy
He had not been unkind.
Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear;
And life was all in all to him
Who knew no hope—no fear.

She knew his wants—she understood
Each half-artic'late call;
For he was everything to her,
And she to him was all.

And so, for many a year they lived,
  Nor knew a want beside.
But age, at length, on Sarah came,
  And she fell sick—and died.

He tried, in vain, to waken her—
  He called her o'er and o'er.
They told him she was dead—the words
  To him no import bore.
They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
  Whilst he stood wondering by;
And when they bore her to the grave,
  He followed—silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
  And sang the funeral stave;
And, when the mournful train dispersed,
  He lingered at the grave.
The rabble boys that used to jeer
  Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave—
  And not a word they said.

They came—and went—and came again—
  Till night at length drew on.
Yet, still he lingered at the place
  Till every one had gone.
And when he found himself alone,
  He quick removed the clay,
And took the coffin in his arms,
  And bore it quick away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot,
And laid it on the floor;
And, with the eagerness of joy,
He barred the cottage door.
And then he placed his mother's corpse
Upright within her chair,
And then he heaped the hearth, and blew
The kindling fire with care.

She now was in her wonted chair—
It was her wonted place—
And bright the fire blazed and flashed,
Reflected from her face.
Then, kneeling down, he'd feel her hands—
Anon her face behold—
"Why, mother do you look so pale;
And why are you so cold?"

And, when the neighbors, on next day,
Had forced the cottage door,
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,
And Ned's was on the floor.
It had pleased God from this poor boy
His only friend to call.
Yet God was not unkind to him—
For Death restored him all.

WHAT THE FAT MAN THOUGHT OF THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

Mrs. Mulkittle started on a visit to friends living in the suburbs of the city, the other day, and might have spent a pleasant afternoon but for an idle remark of the youngster which threw the expedition into an immediate change of programme. They boarded a street car, and were travelling along peaceably, not to say slowly, when the boy who, in strict keeping of a promise not to ask foolish questions, had conquered every desire to harvest information, said:

"Ma, is a street car as hard to pull as a wagon?"

"No, I think not."

"Why ain't it?"

"Because the street car runs on iron."

"And a wagon runs on dirt, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Is a mule street car harder to pull than a horse street car?"

"I don't know."

"Do mules have pistols?"

"No."

"Horses have, haven't they?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what's a horse pistol, then?"

"If you don't hush I'll put you off the car."

"Then I'd get lost Would you care?"

"Of course I'd care."

"Then why do you want to put me off?"

A fat man who, with a cod nose and puffy face, sat opposite the boy, looked up from a newspaper, and bestowed an annoyed glance on the merciless questioner.

"You don't know me; does he, ma?"

"Hush, Willie."

"Mister, can't you read when the car jolts?"

The man grunted and resumed his reading.

"If you wanted to read and the car jolted so you couldn't read, you get off, wouldn't you?"

The man grunted again, and Mrs. Mulkittle brushed her son's foot from the seat and declared that she would tell his father.

"Anybody can read when the car jolts if they ain't on the car, can't they?"

"Never mind, sir. I'll tell your father."

"Ma, that man's face is red like brother's was, ain't it?"

"Hush sh-sh."

"Mister, does your nose hurt?"

The man glared at the boy and roughly asked: "What's the matter with you?"

"Hush, Willie, or I'll slap you," exclaimed Mrs. Mulkittle in an agony of humiliation.

"Ain't nothing the matter with me. What's the matter with you? Did the cat scratch your face?"

"The cat ought to have your tongue," replied the man.

"Then I couldn't talk, could I?"

"It is to be hoped that you could not."

"Have you been looking at the sun?"

The man grunted, and Mrs. Mulkittle jerked the boy, and made a feint at boxing his ears.

"Well, what makes his eyes so red, then? Do your eyes hurt, mister?"

"Madam," said the man, arising and violently pulling the strap, "I dislike to be rude, for I appreciate your position, but if that boy was mine, hanged if I wouldn't annihilate him."

"Ma, what's annihilate?" asked the boy when the man had gone.

"If you ask me another question, you naughty boy, I'll whip you till you can't sit still."

"I can walk, can't I?" Mrs. Mulkittle turned away, pretending not to hear him. "If I couldn't sit still, I could twist around."

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

ANONYMOUS.

A cross-eyed man in a long linen ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door, she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye), so she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man, in a smooth voice.

"What for?" she queried, suspiciously.

"Madam," said the cross-eyed man, "have you a child?"

"Yes, I have," replied the woman; "what of it?"

"A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.

"No, a boy," returned the woman.

"Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very old?"

"About that age," said the woman; "what about him?"

"Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; "be brave and calm."

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the woman, in surprise; "what's the matter?"

"Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "restrain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what—why—is there anything the matter?"

"Is there not a railroad track crosses the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man, in a solemn voice.

"Yes, oh yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear; "oh, tell me what has happened! what——"

"Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man, soothingly; "be brave—keep cool—for your child's sake."

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this moment saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be——"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the woman, wringing her hands; "tell me the worst. Is he——"

"He seemed to be daubing himself with oil," con-

tinued the cross-eyed man, quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle, warranted——"

There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him over the steps and through the gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street, she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology with a passion-distorted face and highly excited red arms.

WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the alms-houses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and

of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blot's out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns wit-

nesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more. *It murders the soul.* It is the sum of all villainies; the father of crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

TWO LOVERS.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept;
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,

White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked:
Those pressed each other while they rocked;
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red lights fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily-spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O banished past!

The red lights shone about the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

NOT TO BE WON THAT WAY.

MRS. BROWNING.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
  Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life
  And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
  As a child might have asked for a toy—
Demanding what others have died to win
  With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
  Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
  Until I have questioned thee.

You require your dinner should always be hot,
  Your socks and your shirts should be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
  And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
  I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
  I want a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
  And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
  And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way!

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

LITTLE ROCK GAZETTE.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting in front of them.

"Hush."

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments silence: "Ma, what is the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on the man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! there's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper, and looking round, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair."

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she-bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe his early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parchéd tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind, and lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love ! O thought at random cast;
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

RULES FOR LADIES TRAVELLING ALONE.

R. J. BURDETTE.

Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train.

When you purchase your ticket you will have to pay for it; no use to tell the ticket agent to "charge it and send the bill to your husband." And if he says the price of the ticket is $2.96 don't tell him you can get one just one like it of the conductor at the

other store for $2.50; he won't believe you, and he may laugh at you.

Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal education, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps and editors.

Beware of the commercial traveller.

Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it. And what is more, he will do it, and your trunk will be so effectually checked that it will never catch up with you again. And then when the conductor asks for your ticket, and you relate to him this pleasing little allegory about the stranger and the baggage, he will look incredulous, and smile down upon you from half-closed eyes, and say that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then you will put up your jewelry or disembark at the next station.

If you are going three hundred miles don't try to get off the train every fifteen minutes, under the impression that you are there. If you get there in twelve hours you will be doing excellently.

Call the brakeman "conductor;" he has grown proud since he got his new uniform, and it will flatter him.

Put your shawl-strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat-rack, hang your bird cage to the corner of it, so that when it falls off it will drop into the lap of the old gentleman sitting beyond you; stand your four house plants on the window sill, set your lunch basket on the seat beside you, fold your

shawls on the top of it, carry your pocket-book in one hand and hold your silver mug in the other, put your two valises under the seat, and hold your band-box and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy, and won't be worried or flustered about it when you have only twenty-nine seconds in which to change cars.

Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new question to ask him, ask the same old one every time. Always call him "Say" or "Mister."

Pick up all the information you can while travelling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye, and how nice and warm it was, and what it tasted like.

Don't hang your parasol on the cord that passes down the middle of the car. It isn't a clothes-line. It looks like one, but it isn't.

Keep an eye on the passenger who calls the day after Monday "Chewsday." He can't be trusted a car's length.

Don't attempt to change a $20 dollar bill for any one if you have only $9.25 with you; it can't be done.

If you want a nap, always lie with your head projecting over the end of the seat, into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up and down the aisle will mash your hat, straighten out your frizzes, and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be carried by your station.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

ANONYMOUS.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman: "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank: "*Young men, ahoy!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"*Young men, ahoy there!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

"What is it?"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming; over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

SIM'S LITTLE GIRL.

MARY HARTWELL.

Come out here, George Burks. Put that glass down—can't wait a minute. Business particular—concerns the Company

I don't often meddle in other folks' business, do I?

When a tough old fellow like me sets out to warn a body, you may know its because he sees sore need of it.

Just takin' drinks for good fellowship? Yes, I know all 'bout that. Been there myself. Sit down on the edge of the platform here.

Of all the men in the world, I take it, engineers ought to be the last to touch the bottle. We have life and property trusted to our hands. Ours is a grand business; I don't think folks look at it as they ought to. Remember when I was a young fellow like you, just set up with an enjine, I used to feel like a strong angel, or somethin', rushin' over the country, makin' that iron beast do just as I wanted him to. The power sort of made me think fast.

I was doin' well when I married, and I did well long afterwards. We had a nice home—the little woman and me; our hearts was set on each other, and she was a little proud of her engineer—she used to say so, anyhow. She was sort of mild and tender with her tongue. Not one of your loud ones. And pretty, too.

And after awhile we had the little girl. We talked a good deal about what we should call her—my wife and I. We went clean through the Bible, and set down all the fine story names we heard of. But nothin' seemed to suit. I used to puzzle the whole length of my route to find a name for that little girl. My wife wanted to call her Endora Isabel. But that sounded like folderol. Then we had up Rebeccar, and Maud, and Amanda Ann, and what not. Finally, whenever I looked at her, I seemed to see

"Katie." She looked Katie. I took to callin' her Katie, and she learned it, so Katie she was.

I tell you, George, that was a child to be noticed. She was rounder and prettier made'n a wax figger; her eyes was bigger and blacker'n any grown woman's you ever saw, set like stars under her forehead; and her hair was that light kind, that all runs to curls and glitter.

Soon's she could toddle, she used to come dancin' to meet me. I've soiled a-many of her white pinafores, buryin' my face in them before I was washed, and sort of prayin' soft like under the roof of my heart, "God bless my baby!—God bless my little lamb!"

As she grew older, I used to talk to her about engin'—even took her into my cab, and showed the 'tachments of the engin', and learned her signals and such things.

My home was close by the track. Often and often the little girl stood in our green yard, waving her mite of hand as we rushed by.

Well, one day I started on my home trip, full of that good fellowship you was imbibin' awhile ago. Made the engine whizz! We was awful jolly—the fireman and me. Never was drunk when I got on my engine before, or the Company would have shipped me. Warn't no such time made on that road before nor since. I had just sense enough to know what I was about. but not enough to handle an emergency. We fairly roared down on the trestle that stood at the entrance of our town.

I had a tipsy eye out, and, George, as we was fly-

in' through the suburbs, I see my little girl on the track ahead, wavin' a red flag and standin' stock still!

The air seemed full of Katies. I could have stopped the engine if I'd only had sense enough to know what to take hold of to reverse her! But I was too drunk! And that grand little angel stood up to it, trying to warn us in time, and we just swept right along into a pile of ties some wretch had placed on the track!—right over my baby!—Oh, my baby!

There! And do you want me to tell you how that mangled little mass killed her mother? And do you want me to tell you I walked alive the murderer of my own child, who stood up to save me? And do you want me to tell you the good fellowship you were drinkin' a while ago brought all this on me?

A SCREAM OF THE EAGLE.

COL. P. DONAN.

[From a Fourth of July Oration delivered at Fargo.]

Do other lands boast of their great rivers? We could take up all their Niles and Thameses, their yellow Tibers, castled Rhines and beautiful blue Danubes, by their little ends, and empty them into our majestic Mississippis and Missouris, Amazons, Saskatchewans and De la Platas, without making rise enough to lift an Indian flatboat off a sandbar. Do they brag of their seas and lakes? We could spill all their puny Caspians and Azoys, their Dead Seas,

Nyanzas and Maggiores into our mighty Superiors, Michigans, Eries and Ontarios, and scarce produce a ripple on their pebbly brims to wash away the eighteen-inch footprints on the sands of time left by fairy-like slipper of a St. Louis or Chicago girl. Do they prate of their romantic scenery? We have a thousand jewel-like lakes that would make all their vaunted Comos, Genevas and Killarneys hide their faces in a veil of friendly fog. The thunder of our Niagara drowns out the feeble murmur of all their cataracts, while the awful crags and canons of our Yosemite and Yellowstone, the prismatic glitter and dash of our St. Anthonys and Minnehahas, and the lonely grandeur of our horizon-fenced prairies, boundless oceans of billowy verdure, dwarf to insipidity the most famous scenes of Switzerland and Italy, eclipse the wonders and glories of the Arabian Nights, and defy all the skill of poet's pen and artist's pencil to depict the veriest atom of their sublimity and their loveliness. Do they prattle about their Ætnas and Vesuviuses? With our noses turning somersets of ineffable contempt clear over our heads, we thunder forth our Cotopaxis, Popocatapelts, Chimborazos, and a score of other jaw-breakers whose very names alone are too huge for common tongues. I am aware that some of the specimens of national prodigiousness that I have mentioned do not just exactly belong to us yet; but they belong to our next-door neighbors who are not as strong as we are, and to our gloriously expansive Yankee spirit, where or what is the difference? Do other lands and nations talk of their mines of jewels and gold?

We answer with the exhaustless bonanzas of California, Colorado, Dakota and New Mexico, where mountains of gold and siver ore challenge the skies, and where the ceaseless thunder of the world's greatest bullion mills resounds in the yet warm lair of the Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. Do they rave of the harvest fields of Germany and Britain, and the vine-clad hills of France? We show them half a hemisphere, with soils and climates as varied as the tastes of men, and with capacities for production as boundless as the needs of men; yielding everything cereal, vegetable, animal, textile and mineral, agricultural, horticultural, geological, zoological, pomological, piscatorial and ornithological, ovine, bovine, capricornine, equine and asinine—the last including most of our alleged statesmen—that all the wants of all the races, tribes, kindreds and tongues of earth can ever require. The sun in heaven, in all his grand rounds since "the evening and the morning were the first day," never looked down on a more magnificent domain—a fresh and glorious half world, grand in all its proportions and endlessly diversified, rich and gorgeous in all its adornments, resting like a vast emerald breastpin upon the bosom of four great oceans. It is the broadest land ever given to any people, the grandest and most beautiful, the most varied in its productions, and the most unlimited in its capabilities and its future.

And Americans were and are the people for it—cosmopolitan, the race of races, mingling in their veins the blood of all other nations, and combining in themselves the good qualities of all—the sturdy

manhood, courage and patriotism of the English, the pertinacity, thrift and honesty of the Scotch, the patient, plodding industry of the German, the pride and gallantry of the Spanish, the art and sentiment of the Italian, and the fire and dash of the Irish and French, all permeated by the energy and shrewdness and colossal modesty that are peculiarly Yankee, the stern piety of the Puritan crossed with the reckless deviltry of the cow-boy, and the endurance of the Kickapoo. With such a country and such a race, what is not possible? The mighty march of new-world progress and development is but begun.

But six years more than a century ago, a poor, scanty population of 3,000,000 souls, confined to a few sea-coast provinces within hearing of the Atlantic surf, starting out as a republic, shaky, moneyless, inexperienced and almost faithless. To-day, 55,000,000 of people, rich, strong, progressive and prosperous, spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. They have made vast and trackless wildernesses rejoice and blossom like the rose gardens of the gods. They have made the deep, abysmal solitudes of untold ages musical with the many-voiced industries of civilization, and that civilization with all its faults, the freest and highest and best the world has ever known. They have built as by omnipotent enchanter's spells, cities and railroads and canals. They have bridged the mightiest rivers, and tunnelled the tallest mountains on the globe. They have spanned a hemisphere with their iron highways, and girdled the solid earth with their electric cables.

They travel by steam and talk by lightning. Their ingenuity and invention never end. Their credit is unlimited, their energy is tireless and dauntless, and their enterprise halts at nothing. They have shown creation that in the bright vocabulary of American national youth there is no such word as fail. One of their cities, a Dutch island settlement of a century or so ago, now has half as many inhabitants as their whole republic when they declared themselves free and independent, and could raise more money in twenty-four hours for a North, Central, and South American railway scheme, than the whole Continental Congress ever dreamt of during the seven years of the Revolution. An Indian frontier fort, in an unknown wilderness of fifty years ago, now has a population of over 500,000, is the most beautifully built city, and engineers the most gigantic wheat corner steals in Christendom.

Where is all this gigantic growth and development to end? Will not the close of our century see all North America, from Behrings Strait to the Isthmus of Panama, under one glorious free Government and tri-colored flag? Will not the mystical figures "A. D. 1900" find us all Canadians, United Statians, Mexicans, Guatemalians and Nicaraguans, brethren and friends and fellow-citizens, marching beneath the starry banner of the free and the brave, to a grand common destiny of illimitable wealth and power and renown?

MY FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH.

MAX ADELER.

[Abridged for this book.]

I had for some time entertained a strong conviction that nature designed me for an orator. I was assured that I possessed the gift of eloquence which enables great speakers to sway the passions of the multitude, and I felt that I needed but the opportunity to reveal this fact to the world. Accordingly, at the beginning of the political campaign of which I speak, I sent my name to one of the executive committees of the State, in Wilmington, with the request that it might be written down with the names of the speakers who could be called upon whenever important meetings were held. I waited impatiently all through the campaign for a summons to appear and electrify the people. It did not come, and I was almost in despair. But on the day before the election I received from the chairman a brief note, saying that I had been announced to speak at Dover that evening before a great mass meeting, and requesting me to take the early afternoon train, so that I might report to the local chairman in Dover before nightfall.

Of course it was plain that anything like an attempt at gorgeousness in such a speech would be foolish, so I concluded to speak plainly and directly to the point, and to enliven my argument with some amusing campaign stories. In order to fix my points firmly in my mind, and to ensure their presentation in their proper order, they were numbered and com-

mitted to memory, each argument and its accompanying anecdote being associated with a particular arithmetical figure. The synopsis, if it may be called by that name, presented an appearance something like the following, excepting that it contained a specification of the points of the speech which need not be reproduced here:

THE SPEECH.

1. Exordium, concluding with Scott's famous lines, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," etc.

2. Arguments, introducing a narrative of the facts in the case of Hotchkiss, who was locked out upon the roof of his house all night. (*See particulars farther on*) The design of the story is to give a striking picture of the manner in which the opposition party will be left out in the cold by the election. (*Make this strong, and pause for cheers.*)

3. Arguments, followed by the story of the Kickapoo Indian who saw a locomotive approaching upon the plains, and thinking it was a superior breed of buffalo, determined to capture it, so that he could take the first prize at the Kickapoo agricultural fair. He tied his lasso to his waist and threw the other end over the smoke-stack. The locomotive did not stop; but when the engineer arrived at the next station, he went out and cut the string by which a small bit of copper-colored meat was tied to his smoke-stack. This is to illustrate the folly of the attempt of conservatism to check the onward career of pure and enlightened liberalism toward perfect civilization, etc., etc.

4. Arguments, and then the anecdote of that Dutchman, in Berks county, Pa., who on the 10th of October, 1866, was observed to go out into his yard and raise the American flag; then he got his gun and fired a salute of seventeen or eighteen guns, after which he consumed six packs of fire-crackers and gave three cheers for the Union. He enjoyed himself in this manner nearly all day, while his neighbors gathered around outside and placed their elbows upon the fence, watching him and wondering what on earth he meant. A peddler who came along stopped and had

an interview with him. To his surprise, he found that the German agriculturist was celebrating the Fourth of July, 1859. He did not know that it was any later in the century, for he had been keeping his time on a notched stick; and having been sick a great deal, he had gotten the thing in a dreadful tangle. When he learned that he was seven Fourths in arrears, he was depressed; but he sent out and bought a box of fire-crackers and a barrel of gun-powder, and spent a week catching up.

(*Tell this vivaciously, and make the point that none but a member of the other party could forget the glorious anniversary of our country's birth, and say that the whole party will have to do up a lot of back patriotism some day, if it desires to catch up with the people whose devotion to the country is encouraged and kept active by our side.*)

5. Arguments, supplemented with the narrative of a confiding man who had such child-like faith in a patent fire-extinguisher which he had purchased that he set fire to his house merely to have the fun of putting it out. The fire burned furiously, but the extinguisher gave only two or three imbecile squirts and then collapsed, and in two hours his residence was in ashes. Go on to say that our enemies have applied the torch of anarchy to the edifice of this government, but that there is an extinguisher which will not only *not* collapse, but will subdue the flames and quench the incendiary organization, and that extinguisher is our party. (*Allow time for applause here.*)

6. Arguments, introducing the story of the Sussex county farmer who was discouraged because his wife was perfidious. Before he was married she vowed over and over again that she could chop four cords of wood a day, but after the ceremony the farmer found he was deceived. The treacherous woman could not chop more than two cords and a half, and so the dream of the husband was dissipated, and he demanded a divorce as the only balm for the wounds which lacerated his heart. Let this serve to illustrate the point that our political enemies have deceived us with promises to reduce the debt, to institute reforms, etc., etc., none of which they have kept, and now we must have the government separated from them by such a divorce as will be decreed to-morrow, etc., etc.

7. Peroration, working in if possible the story of Commodore Scudder's dog, which, while out with its master one day, pointed at some partridges. The commodore was about to fire, but he suddenly received orders to go off on a three years' cruise, so he dropped his gun. left the dog standing there, and went right to sea. When he returned, three years later, he went back to the field, and there was his gun, there was the skeleton of the dog still standing and pointing just as he had left it, and a little farther on were the skeletons of the partridges. Show how our adversaries in their relations to the negro question resemble that dog. We came away years ago and left them pointing at the negro question, and we come back now to find that they are at it yet. Work this in carefully, and conclude in such a manner as to excite frantic applause.

At eight o'clock a very large crowd really did assemble in front of the porch of one of the hotels. I took a seat upon the porch and waited while the band played a spirited air or two.

The chairman first introduced to the crowd Mr. Keyser, who was received with cheers. He was a ready speaker, and he began, to my deep regret, by telling in capital style my story number three, after which he used up some of my number six arguments, and concluded with the remark that it was not his purpose to occupy the attention of the meeting for any length of time, because the executive committee in Wilmington had sent an eloquent orator who was now upon the platform and would present the cause of the party in a manner which he could not hope to approach.

Mr. Keyser then sat down, and Mr. Schwartz was introduced. Mr. Schwartz observed that it was hardly worth while for him to attempt to make anything like a speech, because the gentleman from New

Castle had come down on purpose to discuss the issues of the campaign, and the audience, of course, was anxious to hear him. Mr. Schwartz would only tell a little story which seemed to illustrate a point he wished to make, and he thereupon related my anecdote number seven, making it appear that he was the bosom friend of Commodore Scudder and an acquaintance of the man who made the gun.

When Schwartz withdrew, a man named Krumbauer was brought forward. Krumbauer was a German, and the chairman announced that he would speak in that language for the benefit of those persons in the audience to whom the tongue was pleasantly familiar. Krumbauer went ahead, and the crowd received his remarks with roars of laughter. After one particularly exuberant outburst of merriment, I asked the man who sat next to me, and who seemed deeply interested in the story,

"What was that little joke of Krumbauer's? It must have been first rate."

"So it was," he said. "It was about a Dutchman up in Berk's county, Penn., who got mixed up in his dates."

"What dates?" I gasped, in awful apprehension.

"Why, his Fourths of July, you know. Got seven or eight years in arrears and tried to make them all up at once. Good, wasn't it?"

"Good? I should think so; ha! ha! My very best story, as I'm a sinner!"

It was awfully bad. I could have strangled Krumbauer, and then chopped him into bits. The ground seemed slipping away beneath me; there was

the merest skeleton of a speech left. But I determined to take that and do my best, trusting to luck for a happy result.

But my turn had not yet come. Mr. Wilson was dragged out next, and I thought I perceived a demoniac smile steal over the countenance of the cymbal player as Wilson said he was too hoarse to say much; he would leave the heavy work for the brilliant young orator who was here from New Castle. He would skim rapidly over the ground and then retire. He did. Wilson rapidly skimmed all the cream off of my arguments numbers two, five and six, and wound up by offering the whole of my number four argument. My hair fairly stood on end when Wilson bowed and left the stand. What on earth was I to do now? In an agony of despair, I turned to the man next to me and asked him if I would have to follow Wilson.

He said it was his turn now.

"And what are you going to say?" I demanded, suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "nothing at all. I want to leave room for you. I'll just tell a little story or so, to amuse them, and then sit down."

"What story, for instance?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only a little yarn I happen to remember about a farmer who married a woman who said she could cut four cords of wood, when she couldn't."

My worst fears were realized. I turned to the man next to me, and said, with suppressed emotion:

"May I ask your name, my friend?"

He said his name was Gumbs.

"May I inquire what your Christian name is?"

He said it was William Henry.

"Well, William Henry Gumbs," I exclaimed, "gaze at me! Do I look like a man who would slay a human being in cold blood?"

"Hm-m-m, n-no; you don't," he replied, with an air of critical consideration.

"But I AM!" said I, fiercely—"I AM; and I tell you now that if you undertake to relate that anecdote about the farmer's wife, I will blow you into eternity without a moment's warning; I will, by George!"

Mr. Gumbs instantly jumped up, placed his hand on the railing of the porch, and got over suddenly into the crowd. He stood there pointing me out to the bystanders, and doubtless advancing the theory that I was an original kind of a lunatic, who might be expected to have at any moment a fit which would be interesting when studied from a distance.

The chairman looked around, intending to call upon my friend, Mr. Gumbs; but not perceiving him, he came to me and said:

"Now is your chance, sir; splendid opportunity; crowd worked up to just the proper pitch. We have paved the way for you; go in and do your best."

"Oh, yes; but hold on for a few moments, will you? I can't speak now; the fact is I'm not quite ready. Run out some other man."

"Haven't got another man. Kept you for the last purposely, and the crowd is waiting. Come ahead and pitch in, and give it to 'em hot and heavy."

It was very easy for him to say "give it to them," but I had nothing to give. Beautifully they paved the way for me! Nicely they had worked up the crowd to the proper pitch! Here I was in a condition of frantic despair, with a crowd of one thousand people expecting a brilliant oration from me who had not a thing in my mind but a beggarly story about a fire-extinguisher and a worse one about a farmer's wife.

But the chairman was determined. He seized me by the arm and fairly dragged me to the front. He introduced me to the crowd in flattering, and I may say outrageously ridiculous terms, and then whispering in my ear, "Hit 'em hard, old fellow, hit 'em hard," he sat down.

The crowd received me with three hearty cheers. As I heard them I began to feel dizzy. The audience seemed to swim around and to increase tenfold in size. By a resolute effort I recovered my self-possession partially, and determined to begin. I could not think of anything but the two stories, and I resolved to tell them as well as I could. I said:

"Fellow-citizens: It is so late now that I will not attempt to make a speech to you." (Cries of "Yes!" "Go ahead!" "Never mind the time!" etc., etc.) Elevating my voice, I repeated: "I say it is so late now that I can't make a speech as I intended on account of its being so late that the speech which I intended to make would keep you here too late if I made it as I intended to. So I will tell you a story about a man who bought a patent fire-extinguisher which was warranted to split four cords of wood a

day, so he set fire to his house to try her, and—No, it was his wife who was warranted to split four cords of wood—I got it wrong; and when the flames obtained full headway, he found she could only split two cords and a half, and it made him—What I mean is that the farmer, when he bought the exting—courted her, that is, she said she could set fire to the house, and when she tried him he collapsed the first time—the extinguisher did, and he wanted a divorce because his house—Oh, hang it, fellow-citizens, you understand that this man, or farmer, rather, bought a—I should say courted a—that is, a fire-ex—" (*desperately*) "Fellow-citizens! IF ANY MAN SHOOTS THE AMERICAN FLAG, PULL HIM DOWN UPON THE SPOT; BUT AS FOR ME, GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

As I shouted this out at the top of my voice, in an ecstasy of confusion, a wild, tumultous yell of laughter came up from the crowd. I paused for a second beneath the spell of that cold eye in the band, and then, dashing through the throng at the back of the porch, I rushed down the street to the depot, with the shouts of the crowd and the uproarious music of the band ringing in my ears. I got upon a freight train, and gave the engineer five dollars to take me along on the locomotive, and spent the night riding to New Castle.

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